

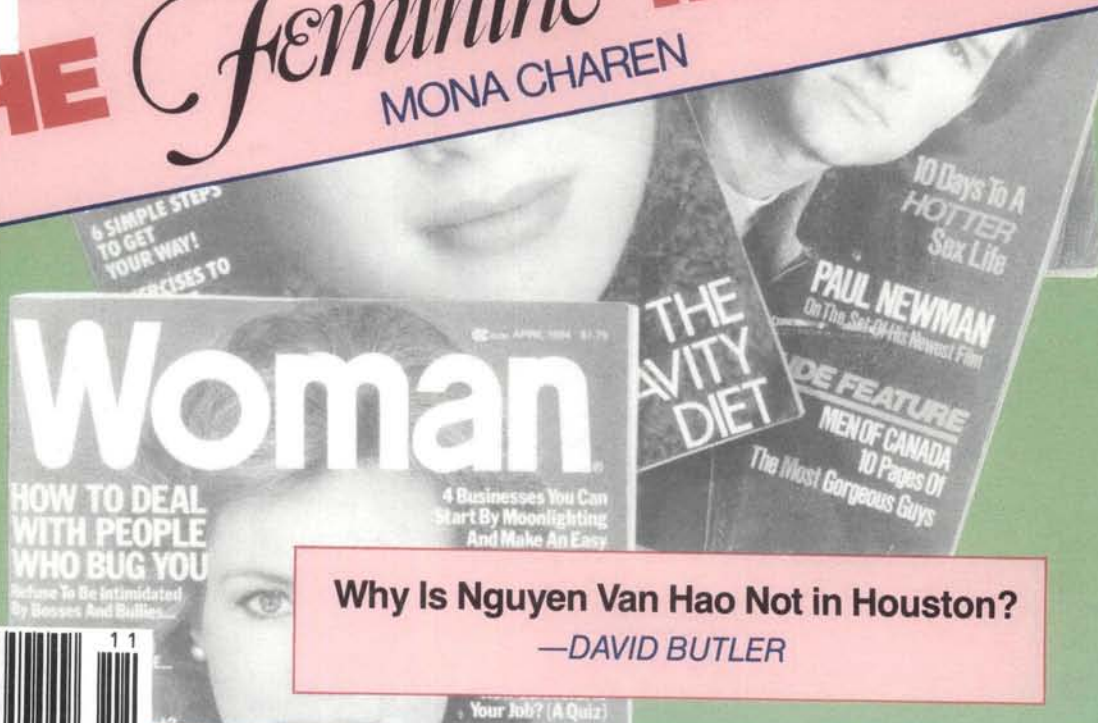
McLaughlin on
The Democratic Blues

NATIONAL REVIEW



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Why Is Nguyen Van Hao Not in Houston?
—DAVID BUTLER

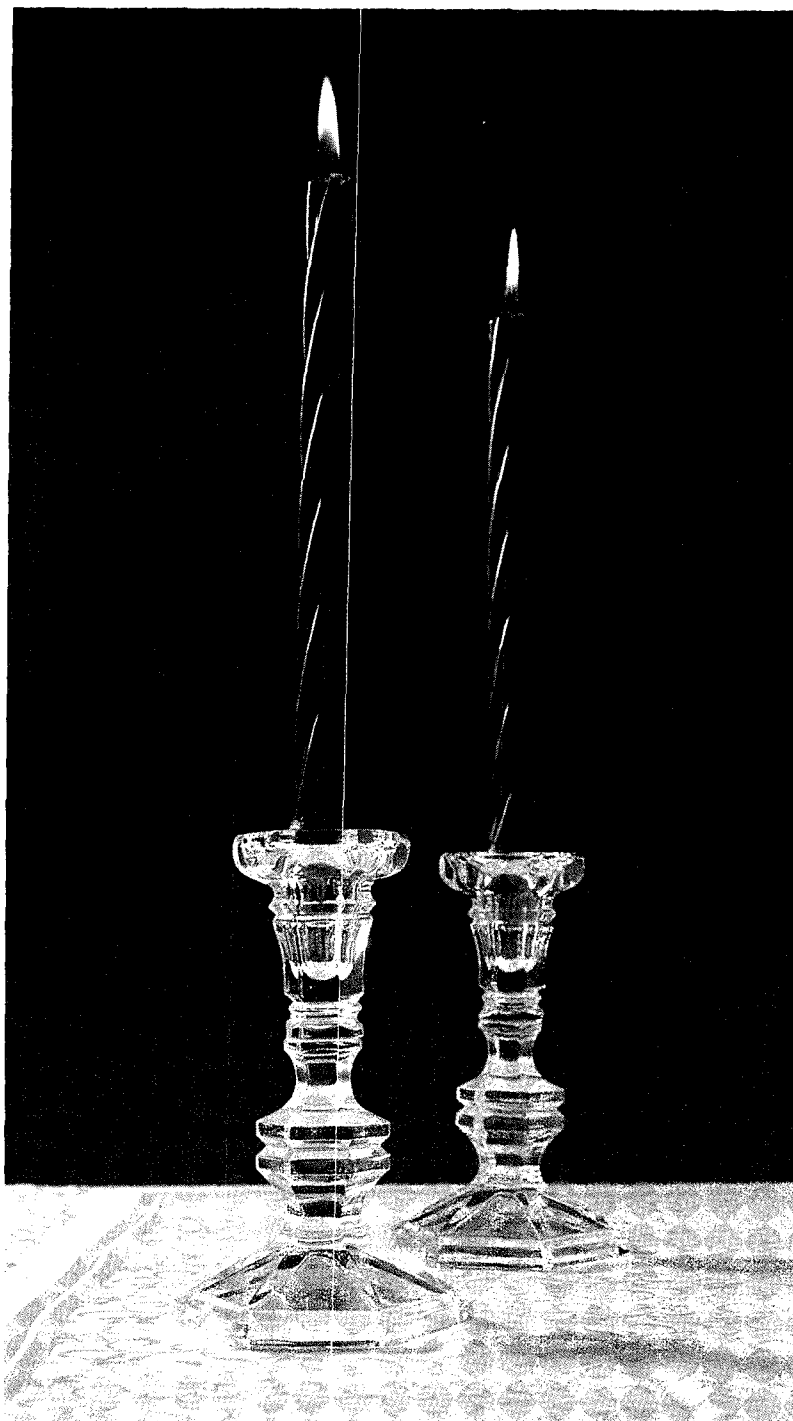


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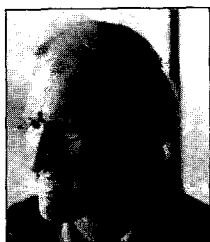
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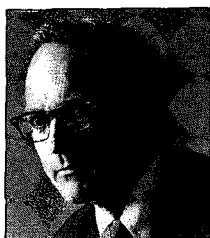
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CHAREN 24



BUTLER 28



RICKENBACKER 36



SIMON 48

SEX

24 The Feminist Mistake

What *do* women want? To answer this ancient question, a conservative infiltrated the opposite sex, and got predictably surprising results. Her case studies suggest that feminist rhetoric should be taken with a large grain of salt—that, in fact, a feminist is usually a woman who doesn't *know* what she wants, but wants it anyway. Isn't in touch with her feelings, as you might say. A plea for a return to two sexes. *Mona Charen*

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

20 The Democratic Blues

Outlook for 1984, according to a Democratic confidant: Reagan all the way!

John McLaughlin

22 Communism and Corruption

By trying to cleanse the system of greed and graft, Yuri Andropov damn near wrecked it.

Tom Bethell

23 To Talk or Not to Talk

Negotiations may do no harm, but faith in them can.

Brian Crozier

28 Nguyen Van Hao's Missing Visa

Hao was the only top official in the Thieu government to stay on during the Communist takeover. He swears he made no compromises with Communism, and eventually he left, but U.S. officials won't let him in to the country to join his wife and children. A strange story, one that throws an odd light on America's role in Vietnam.

David Butler

36 Peace

We're always aware of suffering, but happiness can pass unnoticed if we're not careful.

William F. Rickenbacker

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

- 38 Jeffrey Hart hails a new biography of Wendell Willkie, a unique politician, and the first Republican to, er, grow. . . . William Phillips, he of *Partisan Review*, still hates Communism but can't put up with the "chaos of the marketplace." M. D. Aeschliman marvels. . . . J. O. Tate welcomes a pair of splendidly written new books about Southern writing. . . . Herbert A. Kenny warms to an ambassador's wife's loving diary of life in Ireland. . . . Joseph Sobran reviews a book that makes sexism a *good* word. . . . John Simon likes *Silkwood*, loves *The Dresser*. . . . D. Keith Mano picks up a few tips on bootlegging.

4 LETTERS

9 FOR THE RECORD

10 THE WEEK

34 help

37 ABROAD

52 THE RIGHT BOOKS

54 ON THE RIGHT

58 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor



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LETTERS

Washington Waste

Mr. Meadows's article on the Grace Commission report [March 9] was informative—although it's no surprise to anyone living in Washington that there's waste in the Federal Government. That's open knowledge. I wonder, though, whether anything can really change the basic problem. Unlike workers in the private sector, government workers have no profit incentives, so what will motivate the managers who carry out Grace Commission-type reforms? Even if the current slip-ups seem obvious, the government is so huge that each simplification could easily become another complication.

*Taylor James
Washington, D.C.*

Second Place

Re your awarding yourselves a "first" for three errors in two words ["Letters," Feb. 24], the one to beat is attributed to Al Smith: "Them's them." I suspect that record will stand—three grammatical errors in a two-word sentence!

*J. Harold DeNike
Bethesda, Md.*

On the Open Letter

I am disappointed in two ways regarding Eldridge Cleaver's "Open Letter to Jesse Jackson" [Feb. 10]. I'm disappointed that his letter was not longer and I'm disappointed that I did not have the honor of writing it. I am black, and it is most refreshing to me to know that there are other black people who recognize Jesse Jackson for the pompous, publicity-hungry egomaniac that he is. No doubt Dr. Martin Luther King is still turning over in his grave because of some of Jesse's antics. Somebody needs to tell Jesse that many black voters are not afflicted with that insidious syndrome which causes some to vote for a candidate simply because he is black. If that's all he has to offer except for an occasional trip or two to the Middle East to embrace his good friend Yasir Arafat, then he should indeed go back to the woodshed as Eldridge Cleaver suggested. But not just for a season. He should stay there.

*Terry Cutler
Whiteville, N.C.*

Chain of Confusion

Concerning President Reagan's assumption of responsibility for the Marine

deaths in Lebanon, you state ["The Week," Jan. 27] that the President has thrown "into confusion the whole structure of military chain of command, based as it is on the theory and practice of gradually subordinated responsibilities: The juniors are subordinate but within their sphere responsible." Yet, but four pages further on, in an editorial entitled "Spare Parts," Pentagon leaders are accused of transferring blame for the purchase of overpriced hardware to subordinates, "despite the military's tradition that authority can be delegated but never responsibility."

Assuming the latter quotation to be the more accurate, i.e., responsibility does not proceed down the military chain of command, President Reagan, as Commander-in-Chief, is indeed responsible for the Marine deaths in Lebanon, as would any President be for the deaths of any serviceman killed during his term of office. However, even if, as the former quotation asserts, responsibility is subordinated, can any President ever deny responsibility for the death of those killed in the performance of duty assigned by him? President Reagan has not recklessly taken upon himself the responsibility of General Kelly or his subordinates for the safety of their men, but has affirmed before the country his ultimate responsibility for those who serve in uniform, and by so doing has spared us all another debilitating bout of the post-Vietnam blues.

*Thomas More Hopkins
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

The Baby Jane Battle

By titling its two articles on Baby Jane Doe [Feb. 10] "The Legal Dilemma" and "The Human Dimension," *NR* may have suggested that Ernest van den Haag and Lacey Washington were simply examining different aspects of the debate. That is hardly the case. They are disagreeing about the same issues—and the advantage is all to Miss Washington.

Ernest van den Haag moves quickly from a possible prognosis of retardation, incontinence, partial paralysis, and probable epilepsy to a description of Baby Jane's existence as "vegetative." That is a word to be avoided when speaking of human beings, but, more to the point, Lacey Washington's article makes clear that, if Baby Jane should have a "vege-

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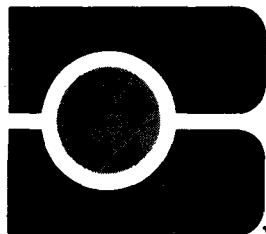
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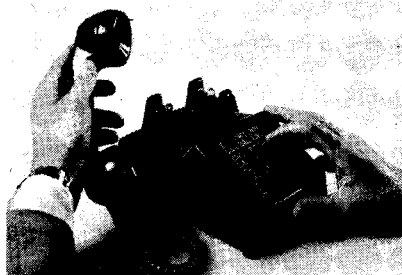


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tative" existence, the probable cause will be a refusal to operate at once.

More disturbing is van den Haag's seeming acceptance of the view that a procedure we would give to an "otherwise normal child" may be refused a child who may be retarded. The case for refusal of treatment, if there is one, must be made on the ground that the treatment itself is too burdensome, not that the person is deemed less worthy. Here again, Miss Washington's article probes more deeply and is more humane.

*Gilbert Meilaender
Oberlin, Ohio*

Although I probably would have chosen surgery for my own child, I defend Baby Jane's parents' right to decide what is best for her. As if having nature turn a happy event into a nightmare were not enough, these poor people have to contend with lawyers, right-to-life groups, and, unbelievably, the United States Government.

Baby Jane's situation will probably be a boost to the abortion business. If there is a remote possibility that your child will be born handicapped, have an abortion, even if you do not really want one. After all, the government does not question your judgment when making that decision.

*Linda A. Eichhorn
Smithtown, N.Y.*

Over the nearly two years since the death of the Bloomington baby, I have constantly reminded people that the issue cuts differently from the issue of abortion. That is, you would not see the same people lining up in support of a parent's right to withhold treatment from injured newborns as supported the right to abortion . . . and vice versa.

But my own admonitions did nothing to prepare me for what has happened. NATIONAL REVIEW, of all publications, sniping at those who would treat Baby Jane Doe, and then running a pro-and-con on the question. It simply staggers the mind.

Indeed, earlier this morning I wrote to Nat Hentoff. My goodness, I'm writing to a writer for the *Village Voice*, a powerful figure in the ACLU, to congratulate him on his good work the same morning I read *NR*'s treating infanticide as an "on the one hand . . . on the other hand" issue.

Well, enough of the griping. Miss Washington's essay moved me very deeply. The amount of misinformation about this unfortunate child is scary. Lost in the talk about "vegetables" is the fact



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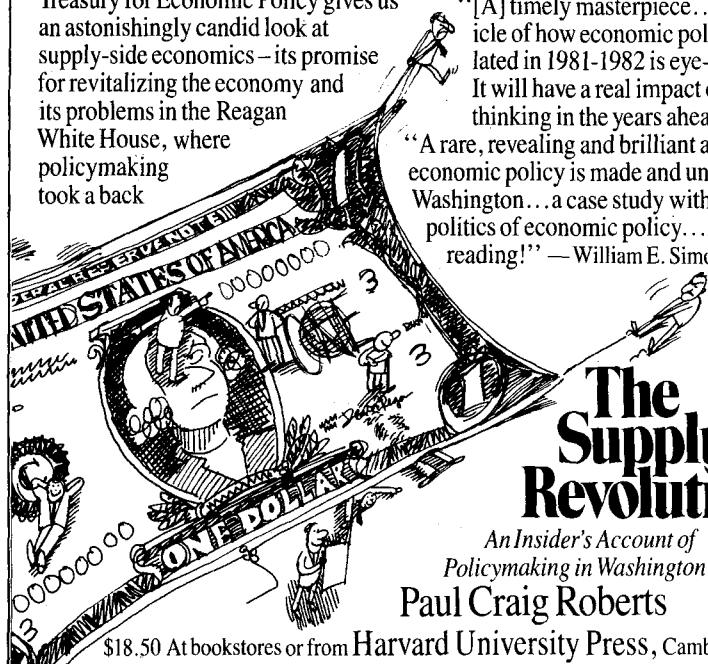
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that, unquestionably, without treatment the child's retardation is going to be worse, her pain greater, her likelihood of being bedridden assured.

Dave Andrusko

National Right to Life News Editor
Washington, D.C.

The pair of articles on Baby Jane Doe was illuminating. What Miss Washington knew intuitively, Professor van den Haag missed with his strict reasoning. To him a life of limited possibilities, with an unknown level of pain in it, is unendurable. Miss Washington sees through that fallacy and knows that all our lives are limited, and some more so than others, yet well worth living.

We possess the blueprint of ourselves in each cell, where the DNA is encoded, and when some outlets are closed, we still have a great array of choices. Spina-bifida people can and do contribute to the GNP of the human spirit. If we can learn from them how to love more, we will have a greater gift than any given by Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates.

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Keeping Score

In "For the Record" in the February 24 issue of *NR* you derogate the President's re-election chances by stating: "Of ten most populous states, only Massachusetts is considered unwinnable." Happily, the President's chances are even better than you imagine since Massachusetts is not one of the ten most populous states, having been replaced by North Carolina, which will be in the Reagan column.

Charles P. Gilliam

Wilton, Conn.

Bravo Borges

I was happy to see John Coyne's piece on Jorge Luis Borges's receipt of an Ingersoll Prize ["Burnham and Borges," Jan. 27]. Borges's writing haunts a reader owing to the combination of his precise, claustrophobic style and his eclectic literary knowledge. No writer since Kafka has better dissected humanity's anguish of time.

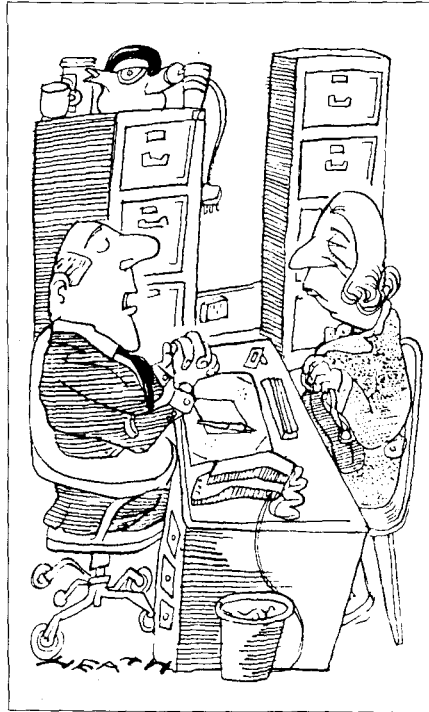
As Mr. Coyne remarked in his article, Borges hasn't yet won the Nobel Prize for Literature. I hope that that august body's infuriating practice of dictating what is great literature rather than recognizing great writers will end in 1984 and that Borges will finally be given his due.

Elizabeth Moura

Raynham, Mass.

FOR THE RECORD

Read 'em and weep, **Walter Mondale**, read 'em and weep, ye pollsters everywhere. On February 14, one week before Iowa, an in-depth NBC News poll showed 87 per cent of Democrats hadn't heard of **Gary Hart** or read enough about him to have any opinion of him. Of the other 13 per cent, 3 per cent thought he'd be "very effective" President; 6 per cent, "somewhat effective." . . . On February 28, New Hampshire primary day, *New York Times* bannered final CBS/*Times* New Hampshire findings: It would be **Walter Mondale** 57 per cent, to 8 for **Jesse Jackson**, 7 for **John Glenn** and **Gary Hart**, 6 for **George McGovern**. Actual figures, Hart 39 (32 points better than predicted), Mondale 29 (28 points worse than predicted). . . . Other delvings continue to show why Democrats (the *Manchester Union Leader* tagged the Democratic field "The Eight Nitwits") will have trouble with **Ronald Reagan** no matter who wins. One in four Democrats questioned by CBS/*Times* poll intended to vote for Reagan in November (same percentage as jumped ship in '80) and early returns indicate more Democrats wrote-in for Reagan than voted for **Hollings**, **Cranston**, or **Askew**. Reagan and McGovern tied at 5 per cent, the closest McGovern has come to any Republican in years. . . . Mondale also was hurt in two ways by **Lane Kirkland's** plighted troth. In exit-poll questioning, half of Democrats who voted said they thought Mondale was "too close to organized labor." And an NBC sounding indicated organized labor hadn't worked particularly hard for Mondale, contacting only half of union households on his behalf. . . . Hart gained, and will continue to gain, from spill-over vote, some in New Hampshire for sure from **Jesse Jackson**, more in days ahead from the also-rans. For instance, half of McGovern voters say if their man gets out they'll go to Hart, not Glenn, as do four-fifths of Cranston supporters. Question: Has



"Any previous experience at being a drudge?"

Gary Hart got "the Big Mo" that **George Bush** thought, erroneously, he had after Iowa four years back? . . . Final New Hampshire note: *New York Times*, in profile of Granite State, was confused by fact that although New Hampshire is in bottom ten states in spending on education, its students in past ten years have scored highest on Scholastic Aptitude Tests.

In other races, Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen**, chairman of Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, still believes Democrats have chance of winning Senate in November; no way, says Sen. **Richard Lugar**, his Republican counterpart, who predicts 53 Republican Senate seats. . . . In Massachusetts, most recent poll shows Lt. Gov. **John Kerry**, the former anti-Vietnam Vietnam vet, leading a packed field of Democrats for seat **Paul Tsongas** is vacating. On Republican side, reports

that White House favors **Elliot Richardson** over **Ray Shamie**, who's been in the race since November, can be traced to **Jim Baker**/George Bush associates more than to Oval Office. Shamie believes he can win primary, if it comes to that. . . . Sen. **Jesse Helms** caught lots of flak back home last time he ran for soliciting out-of-state money for his race. Well, guess who came to bunch of high-society fund-raising dinners in New York last week (**Joanne Woodward**/**Paul Newman**, "Boatie" **Boatwright**, **Angier Biddle Duke**): Helms's opponent, Gov. **Jim Hunt**. . . . In House, watch for important race in Oklahoma's First CD, where **Tom Cantrell**, former aide to Sen. **Dewey Bartlett**, former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Energy, is taking on Rep. **Jim Jones**, chairman of House Budget Committee. Cantrell has signed on pollster and political consultant **Arthur Finkelstein**, whose preliminary findings show Cantrell has good shot at upsetting Jones, if he gets past August primary against fellow Republican **Frank Keating**.

Good news and bad: *Newsweek* is dropping both **Lester Thurow** and **Milton Friedman** as its economic columnists and replacing them with **Robert Samuelson** (no relation to **Paul**), a columnist on the *National Journal*. Editor **Richard Smith** says he wants reporting as well as analysis. Friedman has been *Newsweek* columnist since 1966, Thurow since 1981. . . . **Betty Heitman** announces formation of National Women's Coalition to speak out on behalf of Reagan Administration and Republican Party. . . . Americans United for Life Legal Defense Fund plans major conference to reverse *Roe v. Wade*, the 1973 pro-abortion decision, in Chicago, March 31. For info write: Americans United for Life, 230 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 915, Chicago, Ill. 60601. . . . And **Patrick D. Maines**, former *NR* advertising director, succeeds **Leonard Theberge** as head of Media Institute, which monitors the press.

It had to happen: Lunch on campaign trail in New Hampshire between **Alan Cranston** and **Dan Rather** was broken up when a CBS aide approached and said, "Senator, Mr. Rather will only have time for one more question."

THE WEEK

One difference between a liberal and a pickpocket is that if you demand your money back from a pickpocket, he won't question your motives.

There is much head-shaking over the deficit, and here, again, comes Bob Dole. *Esquire* is the shill this time, with a loving portrait ("Mr. Fairness Doles It Out"). Bob, his admirers tell us, is "courageous," a "champion of fairness" for whom there is "growing admiration." What's he got up his sleeve? A tax increase. Great, the last one worked so well. Wait—there will also be tinkering on the spending side. B-b-but weren't we promised that the last time? "Dole smiles and says, 'That must have been between the President and his speechwriter.'" "Smiles" is just right (a wink woulda been too much). Keep smiling, Bob. Joke's on us.

For a gal who has been underground for 12 of the past 15 years, Weatherwoman Kathy Boudin sure has some friends in high places. Since the fall of 1981, Miss Boudin has been awaiting trial for her role in the attempted robbery of a Brink's armored truck in Nyack, New York, that resulted in the deaths of two police officers and a Brink's guard. The trial finally began last month, and the *Washington Post* came to Miss Boudin's defense on February 21 by lavishing more than seventy column inches (plus three photos) on the plight of her and her family. Her mother has suffered; her father has suffered; her three-year-old son has suffered; and—yes—she has suffered. The *Post* story went particularly heavy on the mother-son angle; it noted that during one stage of her incarceration she was allowed to see and talk with her son, but prison regulations prevented her from touching him. Mother Boudin to *Post*: "I cannot express in words the pain that such cruelty inflicts on both me and my child." Now it would be a relief of sorts if some investigative reporter at the *Post* would think to interview the children of the slain police officers and guard.

Everyone has his own reason for shedding old liberal illusions, but the crime issue is probably as common

a reason as any—which accounts for the line about a conservative being a liberal who has been mugged by reality. Larry Lempert, writing in the *Legal Times of Washington*, tells the story of Meg, an Atlanta lawyer who grew disillusioned with her idealistic work as a public defender. When she took the job, she explains, "I didn't realize they'd be *that* guilty." Maybe we should change the old line to read that a conservative is a liberal who's had to *defend* a mugger.

In a crunch, the United States could probably limp along without oil from the Persian Gulf, but its allies could not. Western Europe and Japan are so dependent on the Persian Gulf for oil that a closing of the Strait of Hormuz would wreak almost immediate havoc on their economies and, if prolonged, could lead to the economic collapse of the West. These strategic realities are what led Jimmy Carter, shortly after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, to declare that the Persian Gulf was vital to U.S. interests and would be defended by force, if push came to shove. That is also why President Reagan felt compelled at his latest news conference to reaffirm the so-called Carter doctrine, insisting that the United States would keep that strategic waterway open, by U.S. military power if necessary. The President's pledge came as the three-year-old war between Iran and Iraq was heating up yet again, with Iraq seeking to strike at Iranian oil depot facilities and Iran threatening to block tanker traffic out of the Gulf in retaliation. Fortunately, it is doubtful that either Iraq or Iran

Mr. Reagan's Recovery

I have no doubt that what goes up
Will, later if not sooner,
Sag limply like piano strings
When we must call the tuner;
But judging from its vigor, I
Believe Fritz will remember
The boom that kept on booming through
The voting this November.

W. H. VON DREELE

has the military capabilities necessary to stop shipping out of the Gulf for very long, and neither is likely to try it given the presence of a U.S. carrier battle group in the region. At times like this, however, one can be grateful that it is Reagan, and not his predecessor, who stands behind the doctrine that bears the latter's name.

Edén Pastora, who once sprung Tomás Borge from prison during the Nicaraguan revolution, has lately been announcing over his rebel radio, Voice of Sandino, the shady doings of his former comrade-in-arms, who is now Nicaragua's Interior Minister. In a February broadcast, the pesky Comandante Cero reported Borge's Panamanian bank-account number. For the curious, it is #159-80027-D at the Banco de Santander in Panama City, and the deposits are from cocaine trafficking. By now, though, the charge is humdrum. In July 1983 Canadian police arrested Rodolfo Palacios Talavera, the First Secretary at the Nicaraguan Embassy, for toting an unregistered pistol and \$10,000 worth of cocaine in his briefcase. After a bitter Nicaraguan protest claiming diplomatic immunity, Palacios informed authorities that Tomás Borge had arranged through an aide for Colombians to use Corn Island off Nicaragua's Atlantic Coast as a relay stop on the way to the United States. The linchpin of the entire operation is one Carlos Enrique Lehder Rivas, a 34-year-old Colombian who is an admirer of Adolf Hitler and is worth in excess of \$270 million. Lehder, founder of the National Latin Civic Movement in Colombia, has been linked with Robert Vesco. The young Lehder is known to bestow gifts of private planes upon those valuable to his operation. Last year he gave planes to Daniel Ortega, Tomás Borge, and Fidel Castro. Curiously, Lehder sums up his political philosophy by declaring, "An incorrect image has been spread of Hitler's Germany."

And from *The New Yorker*: The official Soviet news agency, TASS, widely admired for its light touch, reports as follows: "Miners in the Yakutia Republic of eastern Siberia have found a 95-karat diamond of 'rare beauty' and named it 'The 80th Anniversary of the Second Session of the RSDWP,' after the second meeting of the Russian Social Democratic Workers' Party in 1903, at which Russian revolutionary Vladimir I. Lenin formed his Bolshevik movement." We thought you'd like to know.

The debate over hiring quotas moved to a new level January 16. That was when the chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, William Bennett, announced that his agency was refusing to comply with a directive of the Equal Employment

Speaking of Amnesia

He promised the moon in New Hampshire,
While in the conservative South
He summons the stars and the planets
To somersault out of his mouth.
Lane Kirkland anticipates heaven;
For teachers, he's cash in the bank.
Imagine the howls, if elected,
When President Mondale goes blank.

W. H. VON DREELE

Opportunity Commission requiring each federal agency to set numerical goals in filling jobs, whether or not it had ever discriminated in the past. Instead, Bennett vowed to continue a policy of color-blind and sex-blind hiring. What is most notable is not that one government agency should defy another, but that the revolt should begin at the NEH. The arts and humanities endowments, more than the rest of Washington, like to talk about rewarding pure, abstract merit for its own sake. But as Ronald Berman recounts in his new book, *Culture and Politics*, the two endowments have fought a losing battle against political pressures to bend their grants toward equality of result: to support "senior citizens' art" instead of the most brilliant artists, and to allocate money for historical research evenly among regions so that Massachusetts doesn't get more than its share just because it has Harvard. Now that merit in hiring is back in favor, merit in culture may not be far behind.

The Heritage Foundation in Washington, D.C., has come up with a promising idea and is holding fortnightly "Third Generation" meetings, each of them featuring an under-thirty conservative leader as speaker. All strands of conservative thought have been represented. After the speaker's opening remarks, lively discussions take place. The meetings have been well attended by conservatives of all ages. The speeches will be collected into a volume after a year or so. NR contributors Walter Olson and Dinesh D'Souza have participated as speakers.

When you do a good job, word gets out. A short while ago Father Bryan Hehir received a medal from the leftist Institute for Policy Studies for his "behind-the-scenes" work on the American Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons. Now comes the news that the trendy MacArthur Foundation has named Father Hehir as one of the recipients of its "no-strings-attached" awards. Though the foundation

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OF LATE, the mood in Washington had been ho-hum. A sense of satiety, political in origin, was oozing through the city, due in part to the media hype of Iowa and New Hampshire, and in part to the Democratic contenders themselves, who, save Jesse Jackson perhaps, are such bores. The New Hampshire upset, with Super Tuesday close on its heels, will doubtless resuscitate political interest, at least among the junkies, but meanwhile the only game in town is, How can Reagan be stopped?

The polls are phenomenal for the President, showing him winning by 22 per cent over Mondale, with 22 per cent of Democrats voting for Reagan in that match-up and 49 per cent (to 40 per cent) of women, thus giving the Gipper the Gap. (No one had, before New Hampshire, even considered matching Reagan up against Hart.)

The economy continues to look good. No one here really believes that deficits will figure largely in the election, nor that a recession is a-coming—despite Martin Feldstein and Paul Volcker's gesticulating with alarm. But if money turns tight, and interest rates ratchet up a couple of percentage points in August or September, Democrats will surely claim that recession is on the way. For Reagan to suffer political damage an actual recession is not needed. Only a set of factors that looks like one.

White House gurus are also edgy about the possibility of some freak, unexpected foreign-policy mishap. De-

spite our urgings, Iraq might well use its French-made Exocets against Iran, as that bloody war moves into its fourth year, and Iran would be likely to retaliate by trying to shut down the Strait of Hormuz, easier tried than done. Lebanon is not yet totally defused, and Central America will surely heat up if Roberto d'Aubuisson gets elected president of El Salvador in March, as the odds now seem to favor. All of this leaves the Administration wishing the election were tomorrow, rather than eight months off.

Martin Feldstein is still mouthing off on the deficit and calling for taxes to reduce it. The only lever that could pry him loose from the chairmanship of the President's Council of Economic Advisors and propel him back to Harvard before June is the issue of presidential leadership. If Paul Laxalt or Drew Lewis went to the President and declared, "Democrats are saying that the economic disarray Martin is causing in your Administration, sir, is proof that you lack the capacity to govern," then Professor Feldstein's return to Cambridge could be speeded up.

Democratic tacticians are revising their count of Senate seats likely to be picked up in November. At first they were talking of four or five seats; now, one or two are all they expect. This decline is seen as due not so much to Reagan's strength as to the shift of internal variables in the individual races. As of today the only sure bet, say Democratic insiders, is the Tennessee seat being vacated by Howard Baker, which they assign to the candidate with the magic name, Albert

Gore. But Lamar Alexander, Republican governor of Tennessee, in town for the Governors Association conference, remonstrated with one and all (including the President and his senior staff) for too readily assuming that Victor Ashe, Gore's Republican opponent, was a sure loser. "Remember," said Alexander, "I was way behind in the polls eight months before the election, yet I won." Why isn't Governor Alexander himself seeking the Baker seat, as the President asked him to do? "I have just begun this term," he says, "and I have got unfinished work to do."

Alaska's Senators Frank Murkowski and Ted Stevens want to amend the Export Administration Act to permit the sale of Alaskan oil to Japan. To make the sale less intolerable to the maritime industry, the Murkowski-Stevens amendment would require all exports to be shipped in American vessels. But, contrary to what one reads and hears, that concession has not satisfied labor. Maritime unions say that if the Administration pushes the amendment, their three union leaders, now backing the President (out of an estimated total of five union leaders), will defect. "This Administration has screwed up at every turn," says a maritime spokesman. Despite Ronald Reagan's support for the export sale at his February 22 news conference ("I shared the view that it would be an asset to the United States to do this"), and the National Security Council's backing, the Administration will likely remain neutral, publicly at least, though it construes, probably rightly, the merits of the case to favor export sale. In an election year, protectionist sentiment reigns. —CATO

did cite Father Hehir's articles on human rights and arms control, it seemed most taken with his role in drafting the pastoral letter. Our only regret is that the folks at the foundation didn't stipulate that Father Hehir had to give a percentage of the \$216,000 award to the American bishops. After all, if their names hadn't been attached to the pastoral letter, his ghost-writing efforts would have gotten as much attention as the articles on human rights and arms control that he signs his name to.

In a recent issue of *Harper's*, historian John Lukacs makes a sensational discovery, viz., that American

isolationists such as Senator Robert Taft greatly resembled the Russian Slavophiles of the nineteenth century. They both resisted outside influences and adventures and turned inward politically. Our own research has turned up a prehistoric leader in the region now known as Peru and Chile. He opposed (unsuccessfully) on cultural grounds the "internationalist" expedition to Easter Island. His name appears to have been Taftoxtl. NR will be returning to other, and comparable, discoveries in the recent work of Mr. Lukacs.

With the collapse of Glenn, Hollings, and Askew,

moderate Democrats have no place to go, unless Eldridge Cleaver can still get into the primaries.

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We're now seeing scattered hints that Konstantin Chernenko has—heaven help us—a *sense of humor*. Look for stories that he privately enjoys listening to Richard Pryor albums and old tapes of the Jack Benny/Fred Allen radio feud.

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This week Yuri Andropov is

CONSIGNED TO THE GARBAGE HEAP OF HISTORY

New Hampshire and Beyond

I. With a Sharp Stick

ERNEST HOLLINGS led in the earliest results—the tally of the hamlet of Dixville Notch, which votes at one minute after midnight election morning. The South Carolinian, who had gone to ride the local ski lift in his jogging suit, was rewarded with three Democratic votes and five Republican write-ins. But by evening it was clear that Gary Hart, after a distant but surprising second in Iowa, had decisively upset Fritz Mondale. New Hampshire voters, who have been boosting dark horses since Estes Kefauver, gave one more front-runner a disrespectful poke in the eye.

Five days before the voting, the candidates met for the third debate of the year at St. Anselm's College in Manchester, greeted by mild, no-coats weather and a hundred politely demonstrating right-to-lifers.

Gary Hart was visibly buoyed by his Iowa finish and had spent the last days before the primary touring New Hampshire's cities and towns, addressing his supporters in hopeful and stentorian tones. There were already grumbles from the Hart camp that his former boss, George McGovern, should pull out before the March 13 primary in Massachusetts, so as not to split the "new class" vote.

But McGovern continued to have the time of his life. In the sundown of his career, he has returned to the pedagogic mode, explaining, with humor and charm, a collection of absolutely wild proposals. His campaign has become a major employer of folk guitarists, one McGovern rally even exhuming Arlo Guthrie, or was it Woody?

In this scuffle Alan Cranston was lost, and he sat glumly through the debate. Jesse Jackson was also off his feed as a result of the Hymietown controversy. He twice told the moderator, Barbara Walters, that he was not anti-Semitic, and when she probed him for something more specific, repeated it again. His subsequent preachery flights—"we have forgotten the least of these"—knocked and sputtered.

The relative Right faced a gloomy endgame, a symptom of the death of the Henry Jackson wing of the party. Reubin Askew had attempted an ambush in Iowa with an alliance of Amway distributors and anti-abortionists, to no avail (Iowa right-to-lifers, it seems, did not break their backs for him). Ernest Hollings had targeted New Hampshire for his surprise. Throughout the week he declared forthrightly that Mondale could not win in November and that only he was a credible advocate of fiscal responsibility. Hollings also made it clear what he wanted a solvent government for—continued social spending. The deficit, he charged, had been deliberately swollen by Reagan to drive compassion off the political agenda. Hollings carried Dixville Notch, but in the state as a whole he finished behind Reagan's write-in vote.

The most interesting questions of the evening were a series of hypotheticals, posed by Miss Walters. Candidates are instructed never to answer such questions (Reagan and, classically, Goldwater both have, to their sorrow), the reason being that the ambling speculations that hypotheticals often prompt can yield phrases that become lethal when taken out of context. In a more relaxed setting, however, a plausible hypothetical can elicit useful information about a politician's cast of mind.

What would you as President do, Miss Walters began, in the face of a threat to close the Strait of Hormuz? Hollings, Glenn, and Mondale all contemplated the use of force (Mondale stipulated that we should act with the British and French), and even Jackson, before insisting that we should have better relations with both Iran and Iraq, said that "some things are worth losing lives for." The worst answer was Hart's—that America could never be in such a fix during his Presidency because it would enjoy energy independence (since Hart is against nuclear power, it's hard to see how). In the meantime, he promised that ships and planes would do the dirty work, and "not one American life" would be "put ashore."

The responses to another hypothetical situation were truly astonishing. Suppose, Miss Walters said, a leftist guerrilla movement appears in Mexico, seeking to establish a Communist government. Mondale thought "those to the south of us" should work out their own destiny. Cranston, seeing and raising, warned that our resistance to "social revolution" in Central America would be the *cause* of a Mexican blow-up. Jackson declared that we were "embracing the wrong side of history," and called for derecognizing El Salvador's "killer regime." McGovern dismissed the problem on the grounds that the Mexican government was "reasonably responsive," unlike Somoza, who was a "miserable crook" (next to the Mexican graftocrats, Somoza looked like Aristides the Just). Hart said we must address the real cause of Third World unrest, which is poverty, snore. Only Askew seemed

to know anything about Mexican realities, and only Hollings said, "Under no circumstance . . . would we allow a Communist regime to arise in Mexico."

II. The Vote

GARY HART portrays himself as the candidate of new ideas and, at 47 years of age, of youth. He talks a good game on industrial policy and military reform, but as the campaign has so far developed, he does not differ significantly from the Democratic left-liberal consensus. His foreign-policy positions are standard McGovernite, sentimental, pro-Third World fare (Andrew Young, as the years pass, looks less a freak of Carter's bad judgment than a portent of things to come). Hart's rhetoric on taxes and the deficit twists tropistically toward berating the rich and the Pentagon. Reagan, he told one audience of New Hampshire high-school students, took "every dollar" he saved on social spending and put it into the "most wasteful bureaucracy, and that's the Pentagon. And that's why we have \$200-billion deficits." New ideas?

He campaigned hard, and his often young and usually up-scale supporters were energetic and enthusiastic. But he was also the accidental beneficiary of a weakness in the Democratic Party's own rules. In stripping power from the bosses after the 1968 convention, the Democrats conferred it, not on the people, but on the mobilizers of activists. George McGovern and Jimmy Carter discovered the formula as rebels; President Carter four years ago, and Mondale now, have brought it to establishmentarian perfection. The combined judgments of the AFL-CIO, NEA, NOW, and so forth are not that different from the sentiments of many Democratic voters (if the party does not stand for social envy and for economic and social *dirigisme*, what does it stand for?). But it would seem that, occasionally, the groundlings resent being shifted back and forth like so many checkers. Carter lost a handful of primaries in 1980, largely as a result of such sentiments, once it was clear he had beaten Teddy. This year the protest has come early.

Mondale suffered a similar surprise last summer when Alan Cranston purchased an upset in the Wisconsin straw poll. Mondale will probably recover from New Hampshire, as he recovered from Wisconsin. He will have to raise a sweat, though, for his personal appeal to the voters has been demonstrated to be surprisingly shallow.

—RSB

The Ripples of Retreat

IN THE END, the withdrawal of the Marines from Lebanon took place without incident or fanfare. The orderliness of the withdrawal seemed almost to mock the chaos being abandoned—a jungle of reli-

It's a No-No

Like the lady dining grandly
Who, when hearing, "There's a rat!"
Mounts the table with the deftness
Of a circus acrobat,
Walter Mondale sweats profusely
And his pulse begins to race
When he finds his likeness featured
With his former boss's face.

W. H. VON DREELE

gious factionalism that the Marines never understood and certainly never mastered.

Yet retreat is a stern schoolmaster. There are always lessons to be learned and consequences to be paid when a great power retreats, no matter how small or imperative the step back. The President's decision to withdraw from Lebanon was fundamentally correct, but the pullout will not be without its adverse consequences, at least over the short haul.

An already brash Syria will now become more confident than ever and more unyielding on the issue of withdrawal from Lebanon in negotiations with Israel. Israel will also become more intransigent, albeit for opposite reasons. Nervous about the fortitude of its superpower protector, Israel will feel less secure and will seek to tighten its hold on southern Lebanon. The net result of the Syrian and Israeli responses will be a prolongation of their presence in Lebanon and de-facto partition.

The ripples of America's tactical retreat will radiate beyond the Syrian-Israeli axis. President Mubarak of Egypt has termed the withdrawal "a disaster" and hinted that Egypt may reassess its relations with both Washington and Moscow. Saudi Arabia is already manifesting signs of a new deference to Damascus, evidently viewing Syria as an emerging regional power that must be accommodated. Jordan will deal more circumspectly with its northern neighbor, fearing that Assad may now seek to settle old scores with King Hussein. Other countries in North Africa and the Persian Gulf are said to be troubled about America's credibility as an ally. As for the region's perennial spoiler, the Soviet Union, it has strengthened its ties with Syria and reversed the ebb tide of its influence with the Arabs that followed its feeble performance at the time of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon.

These ripples are not encouraging, but in the fluid world of Middle Eastern diplomacy none of the above consequences need be very enduring nor very damaging to the United States; freed from the burden of an unhelpful presence on the ground, U.S. diplomacy can become more vigorous in the region. The

United States remains the only power capable of mediating between Arab and Jew, the only power capable of defending the waterways of the Persian Gulf. However much the Arabs may mumble about our credibility, they know full well that Washington, unlike Moscow, can offer them not only weapons, but also the serious possibility of peace.

Major African Shifts

I. Opportunities

WITH ALL eyes on the collapse of U.S. diplomacy in Lebanon, a quiet, but most important, scheme is taking shape in southern Africa under the guidance of Chester Crocker, U.S. Assistant Secretary for African Affairs. A decade ago, when Portugal pulled abruptly out of Angola and Mozambique, the USSR and its surrogates moved in. Twenty thousand Cuban troops helped the Marxist MPLA beat out other rebel forces in Angola; in Mozambique, the Soviet-indoctrinated Samora Machel was placed in power, and he proceeded with the collectivization of agriculture, forced re-education camps—the works (see also “Threatened African Satellites,” by Brian Crozier, March 9). Raids were carried into South Africa from Mozambique (as well as from the other front-line African states), and into South West Africa (Namibia) from bases in Angola.

During all of this, the UN did its level best to impose black rule on Namibia. It adopted fiery resolutions ordering South Africa to get out of Namibia, threatened and imposed sanctions, and banished South Africa from its councils. South Africa was unmoved. Get out of Namibia she won't until she is sure the succeeding government will be, at worst, neutral.

South Africa, meanwhile, was stirring the kettle a bit herself, by helping insurgent groups in Mozambique and Angola against governments whose general ineptness (coupled with the precipitate flight of the whites who had manned their infrastructures) had thrown their countries into economic chaos and near anarchy. Now after months—years—of quiet diplomacy, there may be an end in sight. South Africa and Mozambique have signed an accord. Mozambique will no longer shelter the African National Council, South Africa's leading insurgent organization, and South Africa will withdraw its support from the anti-Machel rebels. In another deal, South Africa has agreed to pull her troops out of portions of southern Angola, with the understanding that the area she relinquishes will no longer harbor the Namibian rebel group SWAPO, headed by Sam Nujoma. Implicit in the agreement is that with internal peace restored, Luanda will have no further use for Cuban troops, and they will be withdrawn.

What has apparently not entered into the equation is what happens to the anti-MPLA forces led by the pro-Western Jonas Savimbi, whose troops, supplied and armed by South Africa, hold much of the hinterlands. Savimbi indicated his feelings on the matter by staging a raid into MPLA territory last week and seizing as hostages 77 Westerners working in the area. However, what Savimbi *says* he wants is not to topple the MPLA but to gain representation in the government, and therein might lie the solution. It's a precarious craft that Chester Crocker is stitching together, but this one might just fly.

In the background of all this is South Africa's economic strength. Most black African nations have routinely called for UN sanctions against South Africa; for years we have seen campaigns for “disinvestment”; and the Democratic presidential candidates delight in denouncing Pretoria. All of this has not at all affected the rise of South Africa's leverage over Africa's black-ruled states. South Africa's trade with them has doubled since 1979 and now stands at \$1 billion per year. South Africa accounts for 40 per cent of the continent's industrial output and exports a wide variety of goods to black Africa, often using face-saving subterfuges. Zambia and Zaire use South African railroads to carry copper and other raw materials for export to the West. Last year, South Africa temporarily closed its rail link to Zimbabwe, plunging that country into shortages of fuel and other items. Despite the ongoing hullabaloo, the strategic position of Pretoria has never looked better.

II. Invincible Ignorance

BILLS WERE introduced in 24 state legislatures last year to require public pension funds (including those of state universities) to get rid of their investments in any firms doing business in, or lending to, South Africa. The consequences of such laws (if enacted) would be pernicious.

Investment managers of such funds are usually obliged to limit their investments in stocks to those companies included in the Standard & Poor's 500. The proposed divestiture would eliminate all major electrical/electronics firms from their investment lists (GE, RCA, Westinghouse). All of the major chemical firms would be off-limits (Dow, DuPont, GAF, Monsanto, Olin, Pennwalt, Rohm & Haas, Stauffer, Union Carbide). All of the major drug companies would be beyond the pale (American Home Products, Bristol-Myers, Lilly, Merck, Pfizer, Richardson, Robins, Schering Plough, Searle, SmithKline, Squibb, Sterling, Upjohn, Warner-Lambert). By market value, 81 per cent of aerospace stocks would be excluded, 82 per cent of autos, 73 per cent of banks, and 100 per cent of the multinational oil companies. The stocks to be declared off-limits represent more than \$500 billion in market value, or 50 per cent of the Standard &

Poor's 500, or 30 per cent of the entire United States equity market.

In a survey conducted by Meidinger Asset Planning Services, of 55 investment managers who responded, 47 thought such a law would lead to lower investment performance; nine out of ten said diversification would suffer and risk would rise, three out of four thought the portfolio quality would decline, and nearly half said they would not accept fiduciary responsibility under such constraint. One study showed that the Ohio pension fund, with a value of about \$20 billion, if its total return dropped from 11 per cent to 10 (a conservative estimate of the law's effect), would, as compound interest did its work, be shy some \$100 billion at the end of thirty years—to be made up by lower benefits, higher taxes, or both.

A majority of the companies to be expunged are parties to the Sullivan Principles, providing training, housing, and education for their black employees in South Africa, as well as equal pay and opportunities. A poll conducted by the (liberal) Institute of the Applied Social Sciences showed that 75 per cent of South African blacks favored continued American investment in South Africa.

Legal scholars, finally, have argued that such a law is almost certainly unconstitutional, being in conflict with the Supremacy Clause, the Commerce Clause, and the Fourteenth Amendment. And it would require administrative regulations by the thousands to answer such questions as: Does it apply to a 25 per cent holding in a foreign firm that runs a plant in Capetown? Does it apply to a 19 per cent holding in a Japanese bank that makes loans to Pretoria?

Clearly such laws are not advanced for their intrinsic merit. They serve other purposes, what negotiators call a secret agenda. Guess whose.

Chambers's Day?

THEY NEVER give up. Whittaker Chambers blew the whistle on them a generation ago, in the court cases, in his magisterial *Witness*: naming names, describing the Soviet spy net in this land, going to court, seeing Alger Hiss finally trapped in lies and sent to jail for perjury.

On March 26 President Reagan will award the Medal of Freedom to Chambers, 23 years after Chambers's death, but the stories in the press would hardly prepare you for the knowledge that Chambers had fingered the real article. The *New York Times*: "President Reagan today announced the posthumous award of the Medal of Freedom . . . to Whittaker Chambers, the professed Soviet agent who became a celebrated anti-Communist 35 years ago. . . . Mr. Chambers . . . confronted Alger Hiss, a former State Department official, before a congressional hearing in 1948 and testified that they both were [i.e., had been?] involved

in espionage for the Soviet Union. Mr. Hiss eventually went to prison, and Mr. Chambers became a hero of the conservative movement and an anti-Communist writer." Mr. Hiss did not merely "eventually" go to prison; he lied under oath about his activities as a spy, was convicted of perjury, and went to prison: quite a busy "eventually." The *Daily News* tags Chambers as one "who came to national prominence three decades ago by accusing former State Department official Alger Hiss of links [*sic*] to Communists. . . ." Seven paragraphs later the *News* allows as how Hiss lied and was sent to jail, but closes the affair with a hint of needlessness—well, let's be frank and call it disingenuous—ambiguity: "The Hiss-Chambers case stirred the emotions of liberals and conservatives for years." The *Washington Post* distinguished itself in reportage *à la* smear: "President Reagan will award the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor, to the late Whittaker Chambers, the turncoat Communist whose testimony against Alger Hiss catapulted Richard Nixon to national prominence and made Chambers a symbol of the McCarthy era."

Chambers has been proven right; Reagan is right to honor him. Hiss has been proven a liar; his pals are shameless. But they never give up. They will be trying to rewrite history as long as they live.

Ethel Merman, R I P

SHE WAS BIG, brash, and strong. It was her first Broadway show. She was 21 years old. The song was George Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm." Ginger Rogers was the star. But on the second verse, Ethel Merman hit the high C and held it—held it for 16 long bars while, as she recalls, "the orchestra played the melodic line—a big tooty thing" and the audience went wild. At length the curtain went down and, as they said in all those corny movies of the Thirties, she went out a nobody, she came back a star. An excited Gershwin rushed backstage: "Don't ever let anyone give you a singing lesson. It'll ruin you." That was good enough for Ethel Merman, who didn't know exactly what it was that made her belt them out the way she did, but she knew a winner when she was it, and she wasn't about to tamper with it. "Even if I don't know how I get the effects I end up with, I do have sense enough to know that I do all right. I'd be a dope . . . if I changed the way I do it."

And she went on to become a distinctive voice—just as Ella Fitzgerald, and Lena Horne, and Judy Garland were distinctive—and instantly recognizable, but also a presence. In the public imagination, she was the hard-bitten chorus girl who made good (although she was never in a chorus), gum-chewing, tough-talking, hard-working, supremely sure of herself. Her shows were the tops: Gershwin's *Girl Crazy*;



Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*, *DuBarry Was a Lady*, and *Panama Hattie*; Styne and Sondheim's *Gypsy* (her favorite role); Irving Berlin's *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Call Me Madam*. She did the job she contracted to do, but she wouldn't be put upon either. Was she nervous on first nights? she was once asked. "Why should I be nervous? I know the lines." She knew the lines, and she would be on that stage come hell or high water, but her rule was that she wouldn't learn new lines the last week before opening night. When the excitable Irving Berlin tried to get her to learn new lyrics for "The Hostess with the Mostes" a couple of days before *Call Me Madam* opened, her response was a big no. "Call me Miss Bird's Eye. It's frozen."

The humor was always there. And when she died, alone in her New York apartment last month, it was not that she had run out of friends, it was just that no one happened to be in the apartment the night her heart gave out.

Her death left a void. Faults she had aplenty. But there's no one quite like her on the scene today. And when it comes to that last audition in the sky, Gabriel had better toot right mightily on his horn and the Heavenly Choir hang on to their haloes as Annie Oakley hits that high C, 'cause she'll hold it until Peter lets her in.

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

After reading your reply to Mr. McGovern's letter in the October 28 issue of *NR*, I looked up humiliation in my dictionary. Under humiliation, it reads, "see FOOLISH." Under foolish, it reads, "adj. How

George McGovern felt after reading William Buckley's reply to his letter concerning the word humiliation." (It goes on to mention something about the people who voted for McGovern in 1972 and his decision to try again in 1984.)

Sincerely,
Vic Welch
Woodville, Ohio

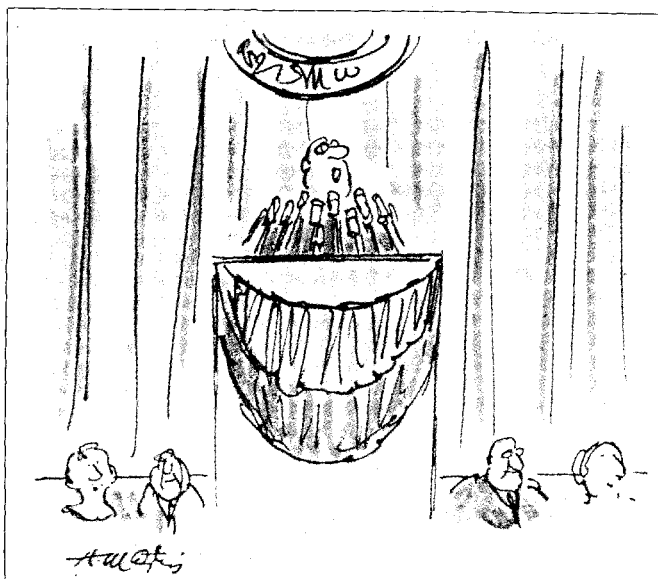
□ Dear Bill:

Upon my return from Bonn, West Germany, where I spoke about "Social Security: A Mature Institution in an Aging Society," I read the exchange of letters in *NATIONAL REVIEW* between George Gilder and Mikhail Bernstam.

Because of my concern about the implications for the U.S. Social Security system that can be drawn from these statistical data, I am commenting about them.

Re: the abortion rate, I am amazed that George Gilder would cite data that apply to the pregnancy of only those women under 25 years of age. Older women have abortions: 35 per cent of all abortions are had by women 25 years and older, and many other women are sterilized. (In 1976, in one-half of all couples with three or more children, either the husband or the wife was surgically sterile.) The falling U.S. birth rate means fewer workers to support each Social Security beneficiary. Thus, taxes per capita to support Social Security benefits must rise, and/or the level of benefits cannot continue to rise when the baby-boom generation retires.

The United States does lead the world in all measures of divorce rates that I have seen. I refer to the world figures in the *Demographic Year Book, 1981*, which reports 5.3 divorces per 1,000 U.S. population. These data are from the *U.S. Monthly Vital Statistics Report*. The high U.S. divorce rate is affected



"My fellow Americans, if elected President here's what I'll do: up at six; 15-minute workout in the gym and 15-minute swim; shave and shower; prayer; breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, and tea at seven. See the kids off to school; 15 minutes with the newspapers; twenty-minute look at the mail; thirty-minute visit with VIP visiting firemen; ten-minute consideration of new bushes for the Rose Garden . . ."

by many factors; Social Security legislation is one of them.

In 1977, Congress reduced from twenty to ten the required number of years of marriage for entitlement to spouse's benefit. The spouse's benefit is half of the worker's benefit at retirement, and 100 per cent of that benefit upon the death of the worker. A divorced wife may receive benefits at age 62 even if her ex-husband has not retired. Surviving spouses over sixty years continue to receive benefits even after remarriage.

In 1960, the U.S. divorce rate was 2.2 per 1,000 population, and in 1981, it was 5.3. In 1960, the U.S. divorce rate among married couples was 9.2 per 1,000; it was 22.8 in 1979.

In 1983, Congress levied taxes on one-half of the Social Security benefit for individuals with a gross adjusted income, including benefits, of \$25,000 and for married couples at \$32,000 or above. These limits were not indexed. Although about 10 per cent of the aged beneficiaries will be compelled to pay these additional taxes in 1984, by the year 2020 it is estimated that half of the aged beneficiaries will be affected.

The 1983 legislation encourages divorce, because some married couples with an adjusted gross income above \$32,000 will be able to adjust their income flows so that each would receive less than \$25,000, and thus would not pay the tax. Many retired men have younger wives who work. Their earnings may push up the couple's income above the \$32,000. These women have three choices: to leave the labor force, obtain a divorce, or pay increased taxes.

In any discussion about demographic data, the U.S. Social Security system and its long-run financial problems in meeting the promised stream of benefits to older persons should at least be mentioned. The U.S. birth rate is still at 1.8 children per woman, ultimate. This means a decrease in the number of workers in relation to beneficiaries.

The industrial nations of the world will either have to increase real per-capita taxes or lower the expectations of high Social Security benefits. The U.S. Social Security system cannot continue to award, at age sixty, to every surviving spouse of a worker, 100 per cent of the Social Security benefit of that worker, whether the surviving spouse was married to the worker for ten, 12, or more years, and whether or not the surviving spouse has remarried.

Our system pays out multiple benefits on one worker's earnings. Benefits to divorced persons do not come under the 175 per cent family cap on benefits. The claims against benefits are piling up on the high-income workers.

Sincerely,
Rita Ricardo-Campbell
Senior Fellow
Hoover Institution
Stanford, Calif.

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It seems odd that the Democratic Party, with its intense desire to accommodate the special needs of all recognized victim-groups, has a field of eight presidential candidates, none of whom has a last name that begins with a letter from the second half of the alphabet. The list of names pulls up abruptly at M. But haven't we often heard from sociologists that people whose names start with letters farther along in the alphabet tend to develop negative self-images, through repeated subjection to such indignities as standing in the second halves of lines when young, and finding themselves in the second halves of phone books as adults?

When I recognized that an already beleaguered group was being further harmed by a systematic and pervasive pattern of discriminatory activity resulting in denial of basic political rights, my first thought was that it might be merely an oversight—understandable enough, given the size and complexity of the victimological system in its current form. Further reflection suggests, however, that quiet lobbying on behalf of this oppressed minority (majority?) could perhaps have resulted in an accommodation whereby a "second-halfer" will receive the second spot on the ticket come next summer. Another step closer to a society finally equitable!

Gregory Downing
Staten Island, N.Y.

—WFB

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THE DEMOCRATIC BLUES

MEMO TO: Richard G. Darman
From: James A. Baker III
Date: February 21, 1984

This memo, Dick, will help us keep track of the chief points raised over the weekend in our surprise meeting with that top-drawer "professional" Democrat who, for reasons of prudence and survival, will hereinafter be designated Deep Democratic Throat or, simply, DDT. Please see to it that these ideas are circulated to all appropriate parties (Laxalt, Wirthlin, Rollins, Spencer, Fahrenkopf, Cabinet officers, speechwriters, etc.) but *not in writing*.

Fed Up with Fritz

1. *Democratic disillusion with Mondale.* Not only does Mondale inspire no enthusiasm among Democrats, says DDT, but he actively disheartens party professionals. The drift of the party under Mondale, namely as the hostage of special interests, distresses them mightily. As it turns out, the AFL-CIO is not the most worrisome and egregious offender, but rather the NEA (National Education Association), which has become, says DDT, a crass political tool, as shown by the withholding of its endorsement of Governor Jim Hunt in North Carolina (against Jesse Helms) because Hunt failed to give teachers a raise last year. Throat says Democrats are sick at heart when they look at the extent to which Mondale has identified the party with the NEA, AFL-CIO, UAW (United Auto Workers), NOW (National Organization for Women), NAACP, gays, environmentalists, etc., making huge chunks of issues non-negotiable for Democrats. If the Democratic brass is feeling revulsion, so will rank-and-file Democrats come election time.

2. *Jesse Jackson will cut into Hart.* What we are watching, says Throat, is the institutionalization of Jesse. Jackson may not yet be a full-fledged

Movement in the manner and on the scale of, say, George Wallace, but he is on the way, and certainly more than just a political candidate. He has given blacks respectability in their own eyes, helped them vent their spleen, shown them that one of their own can stand toe-to-toe with anyone else.

Jackson draws some of his vote from the younger, college-educated professionals who want new directions in their politics. In Iowa, Cranston and McGovern were the beneficiaries of this thirst. With them out of the race, Hart (using Pat Caddell's resurrection strategy) hopes to regain much of this "new generation," anti-establishment, populist constituency, but Jesse may cut him off. Also, Hart may be impelled to trim somewhat, in the hopes that he will not cut so close to Mondale's bone that the wound will not heal by VP-choosing time.

The point here for us, Dick, is that Reagan must be seen as *forward-looking*. DDT says that Reagan cannot be beaten if the election is a referendum on the present over the past. ("Are you better off today . . . ?") But he can be beaten if the election is a referendum on the future over the present or the past. We've known this right along, of course, as has the President.

3. *Stump blunders and mixing it up too much.* Glenn lost big in Iowa for two reasons: too much negative campaigning in a state that is by ethos positive, and the apolitical look, which did little to inspire the spearcarriers. Clearly our candidate already has a big head of campaign steam up. He's championing at the bit. Our hardest job, Dick, will be to keep him presidential. The nice-guy image has got to be kept highly polished. Mondale has his line down pat, he's smooth as silk, and he makes no mistakes. All the more reason for the President to play it safe.

4. *Lebanon and foreign policy.* With the Marines out, our failed Lebanon policy may still linger in the American

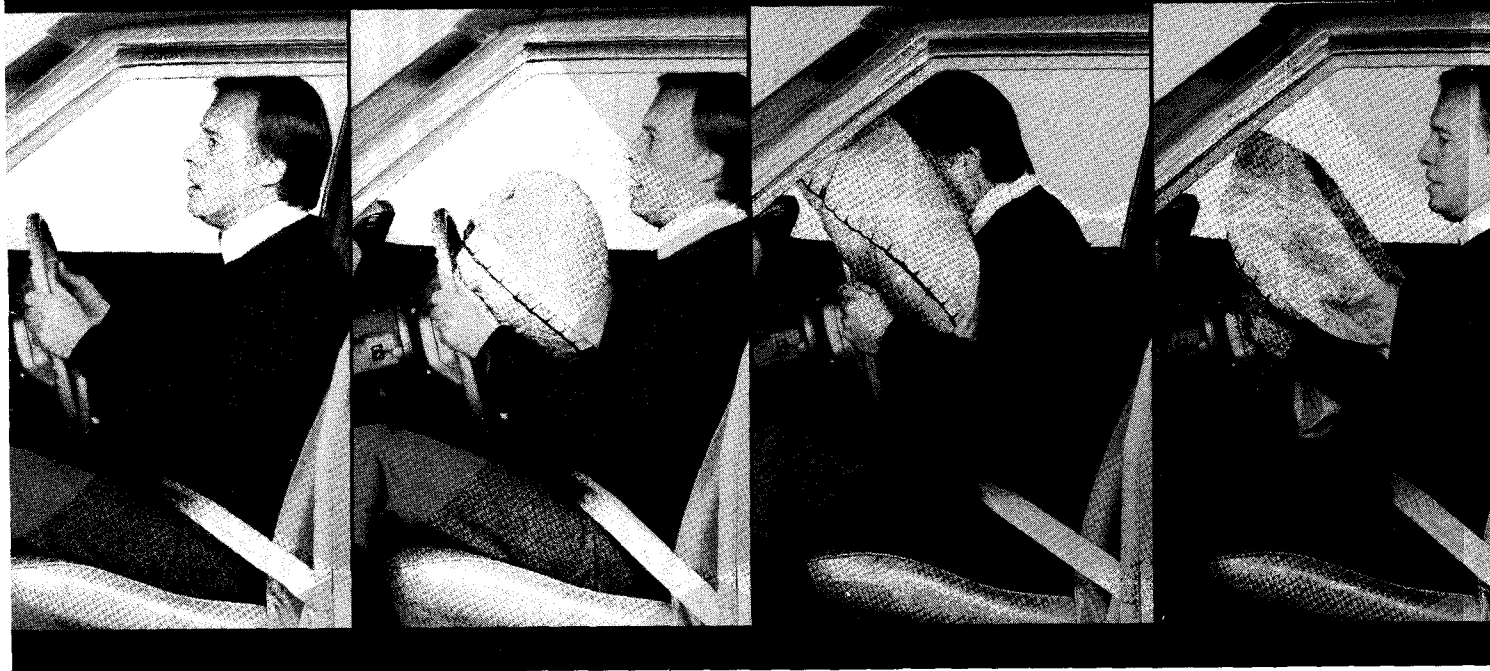
political subconscious, but DDT thinks it will have no real impact come November. If only that Soviet-built Libyan sub (the *Foxtrot* that I mentioned to you about a month back) doesn't sink one of our ships before we can move them all out, too. The upcoming China trip will fortify the President's forward-looking peacemaker image. And if you, Dick, can succeed in setting up a Reagan/Chernenko "working session," as we discussed earlier, in Alaska or at the UN or wherever, Mondale would be stripped all but bare.

5. *Deficit.* Deep Throat was consoling on this point: Rank-and-file Americans don't understand deficits. ("Deficits don't ride subways, don't carry lunch pails, don't watch the Super Bowl.") What they do understand about deficits, they blame on the Democrats and Congress first, and only then on the President. The point for us here, Dick, as you well know, is that the true vulnerability of '84 is not deficits. It's *interest rates*, and those rates are tied—this year at least—to Fed credit. Which means that Volcker has got to be made to shape up.

DDT's Despair

6. *Complacency.* Throat's most striking and private admission was that the current electioneering by Democrats is a moot exercise. "Your guy is stronger than hell," he told us. "The year 1984 will be a replay of 1980, maybe even of '72. Even with so many demographic groups written off for Reagan, the guy is still as hard as a rock. Let's face it. We are going to get wiped out." (It did occur to me that DDT might be feeding us a line to make us rest on our oars. But, on balance, I think he was giving us a straight political judgment.) Under no circumstances, Dick, do we disclose the magnitude of Throat's pessimism. Not even to Number One. It's our secret. Now destroy this memo. □

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNISM AND CORRUPTION

"Mr. Andropov's attempts to ease the shortages of goods by tightening labor discipline and punishing corruption reached a chilling fulfillment at the Gastronom, a cavernous hall of fading gilt columns and glass chandeliers that was the delight of nineteenth-century aristocrats and merchants. Yuri K. Sokolov, manager of the Gastronom and a one-time friend of Leonid I. Brezhnev, whose family larder was stocked from the Gastronom, was executed by firing squad last year in one of a series of corruption trials."

—New York Times, Feb. 11, 1984

I HADN'T realized until the Andropov obits began to appear that he had been shooting his fellow citizens for economic "crimes." Even more surprising, however, was the sense conveyed by some U.S. commentators that the poor Russian people would miss Andropov sorely because, under Chernenko, the shooting would no doubt stop.

Marshall Goldman, the Wellesley economics professor and oft-quoted expert on the Soviet economy, said just that: The "average Soviet consumer will miss Yuri V. Andropov." Why? Because he tried to "reinstitute some sense of order and discipline." Because he "sent policemen into beer halls and stores to crack down on absentee workers." And yes, because some store managers were "executed."

It is perfectly true that a command economy (which is not really an economy at all, of course, any more than an army is an economy) provides many opportunities for the strong to prevail over the weak. Command economies are designed to permit some people to command others. It is no doubt also true that a new strongman in the Kremlin who has some of the sergeants and corporals shot will enjoy a measure of popularity with some of the privates. But that is not the same thing as making a command economy work better. Rather, it is

making it, or trying to make it, work according to the central planners' wishes. Revenge cannot restore a broken economy, any more than the attempt to arouse envy constitutes a workable economic program (as the Democrats will surely discover).

In the United States in the 1970s it was forbidden to pay as much as a dollar for a gallon of gasoline. Anyone who charged it was guilty of gouging and anyone who paid it was guilty of corruption. The transaction was illegal, albeit voluntary. A free market that continues to operate despite its illegality is called a black market, and if enough new laws were put on the books tomorrow, most Americans would be guilty of corruption the day after. Either that or economic activity would grind to a halt.

When a gas-station owner in Boston was ordered to prison in 1979 for selling gasoline at prices motorists were eager to pay, there was a sense of jubilation in the news media, and no doubt also in the Wellesley economics department: At last, one of the scoundrels had been caught. Catch a few more and the energy crisis would go away. That was what a lot of people thought. Of course, cause and effect had been confused. The only practical response to the crisis caused by centralizing decision-making authority (price and allocation controls) was thought of as the cause of the crisis.

Jailing those who participated in vol-

untary transactions could not solve the problems created by price controls, and shooting those who participate in voluntary transactions cannot solve the problems caused by a police state, however popular such executions may be. Nor can employing more policemen solve the problems of a police state. Such a response—an intensification of pressure—is likely to be "popular" only for those who believe that Communism can be made to work if only people would try harder (including the policemen).

TO THE extent that its edicts are enforced, centrally planned Communism cannot work at all. The reason is that the information needed to give rational commands cannot travel inward to the central command post of the planners. (Try getting a message inside the Oval Office some time, and imagine what a mess the economy would be if we all had to await instructions from Washington before we were permitted to make economic decisions; recall, in fact, the energy crisis.)

On the other hand, when the authorities wink at their own rules and permit them to be ignored, then voluntary transactions develop and you begin to get real economic activity. But this is defined as "corruption" by anyone who would restore the *status quo ante*. Clearly, Brezhnev permitted a measure of decentralization, or corruption, or voluntary exchange—call it what you will. Then came Andropov, and he tried to make the system work according to the rule book. We should be wary of saying that no one in the Soviet Union believes in Communism any more. Andropov did, it seems. Fortunately for the Soviet Union, he was not in power for very long. The choice of his successor suggests that the Party would like to give the country a breather before returning to Communism-by-the-book. □



TO TALK OR NOT TO TALK

THE "JAW-JAW/WAR-WAR" antithesis, not the happiest of Churchill phrases, is permanently enshrined in the minds of all diplomats and most politicians. I write at a time when Mrs. Thatcher is back from a highly publicized trip to Hungary and when President Reagan is undoubtedly under much pressure to have his first summit meeting with Konstantin Chernenko.

The British prime minister has come under fire from the same staunch supporters who criticized her attitude over the liberation of Grenada, and of course has been praised by those who attacked her during her Iron Lady days. The same people (the praisers of this moment) are holding her up as an example to the "trigger-happy" American President.

There is, in fact, no antithesis at all; certainly not in Communist eyes. The Communists, whatever the color of their epidermis, or the location of their particular tyranny, regard negotiations as the continuation of war by other means. Western leaders tend not to think that way at all. In our chancelleries, negotiations can be: a) a way of getting off the hook of an onerous involvement (which, when it happens, is described as "peace with honor"); b) formalizing a postwar situation (division of spoils, redrawing of boundaries); and c) an alternative to war (not a continuation of it)—that is, a way of avoiding it or preventing it from escalating.

It is sometimes difficult to determine to what extent c) reflects faith, or actual belief, in the value of meetings, and how far it is a conditioned response to what is perceived as public pressure. Mostly, talks are seen as popular: They are held to improve a statesman's chances of being elected or re-elected. It is not impossible that Ronald Reagan, who has demonstrated commendable skepticism over negotiating with people bent on dominating

the world, will nevertheless himself succumb to the lure of summitry during this election year. I am even prepared to praise him if he so decides, because his re-election would be a massive contribution to Western security.

Cui Bono?

Let us get back to Mrs. Thatcher and Hungary. As always with such excursions, there are two schools of thought. One is the conventional/traditional (the way of foreign ministries everywhere); the other I call the realistic/relevant.

The conventional/traditional view is that in Hungary, as in other Eastern European satellites, Communism was imposed by force, or the threat of it, after World War II; and in Hungary's case, especially, reimposed and consolidated with maximum brutality when the whole structure started falling apart in 1956. Everybody pretty well agrees that Janos Kadar is a man of remarkable courage, skill, and ability. Surviving disgrace and torture, he was brought back as Khrushchev's henchman, the perfect badge for unpopularity. He has blood on his hands, as do all Communist leaders in power: He sent both the Stalinist Rajk and the man who thought he could break away from the Russians, Imre Nagy, to the firing squad.

Yet today, Kadar presides over what, by common consent, is an oasis of (relative) freedom and affluence in the surrounding socialist desert. Give Kadar his due, it is some achievement.

Having said all this, just what does a visit such as Mrs. Thatcher's achieve? Does it make the Hungarian people more restless, more determined to break away from the yoke of ultimate Soviet control and local Communist rule? Or more resigned to their lot, more passive, now that a satellite government has been given a demonstra-

tion that it is respectable in the eyes of a Western leader and member of NATO?

Frankly, I don't know the answers, and I don't think anybody does, or can know. The Hungarians, gifted, charming, individualistic, are all well aware that the relative freedom Kadar has given them is necessarily circumscribed. That if he goes too far (which he won't, but a successor might), the Soviets will either come back in force or, more likely, get the local political generals to proclaim martial law on their behalf, as in Poland.

Besides, what comes next? A visit to Poland? When the Pope comes home, the impact is tremendous, and his presence symbolizes resistance to Communism. But a Western leader? A visit to Czechoslovakia would appear to condone Husak's deepening repression since the Soviet invasion of 1968 (the opposite of Hungary's experience under Kadar) and the crackdown on the Charter 77 movement. To East Germany? The question is hardly worth answering.

Peace Illusions

THE REALISTIC/RELEVANT view of such visits is that they are somewhat worse than useless, to the extent that they may arouse expectations which cannot be fulfilled. As for "peace," the wetter members of Britain's Conservative Party have been saying that this kind of visit is a contribution to peace. My own view is that to go to Hungary, or anywhere else in the Soviets' European empire, may do no harm, but that the contribution to peace is exactly *nil*.

Now Reagan/Chernenko that could, just, be different, in that it would give the leaders of the superpowers a chance to emphasize what each already knows: the limits beyond which the protracted conflict must not be allowed to go. □

The Feminist Mistake



Mona Charen

MR. ARAM BAKSHIAN JR., former chief speechwriter for President Reagan, provoked a summer squall here in Washington by suggesting, in a book review for NATIONAL REVIEW (which Mr. Bakshian egregiously titled "Two Cheers for Rape"), that something politically unacceptable was going on in the imaginations of American women. The ungovernable appetite for lurid romance novels (women purchased \$300-million worth of them last year), Bakshian concluded, reveals something about feminine fancy he had "long suspected but would never have dared publish." Mrs. Hazen, the heretical author, dared to assert that women fantasize about being ravished—preferably by a duke or marquis and best after having been surprised skinny dipping past midnight.

Within a week of the review's publication, the *Washington Post* had a lengthy interview with Bakshian, radio talk-show hosts were asking if this was not typical of the Reagan Administration's "insensitivity to women," and Representative Patricia Schroeder (D., Colo.) had marched to the well of the House of Representatives to decry this "bizarre, pathetic drivell."

Ten years ago, in a widely acclaimed book called *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, Susan Brownmiller asserted that all men were crypto-rapists, inhibited only by lack of opportunity. So what shall I tell my grandchildren? That by 1983 we had come full circle in the mutual misunderstanding of the sexes? Women perceiving all men as potential rapists and men perceiving all women as pining for ravishment? Or should I tell them that by 1983 feminism had so distorted relations between the sexes that it was impossible for most people to think straight on the subject and dangerous for anyone to write straight about it?

Schroeder, Brownmiller, and Co., not content with having so thoroughly devalued women's traditional roles that the term "housewife" never makes a public appearance



A. Lieber

without its modifier "just a," with shaming women into an unseemly search for the perfect orgasm, and with giving them ulcers and eczema in the ambivalent pursuit of advanced degrees, have now widened the war to create the New American Woman by seeking to dictate not just the focus of women's ambitions, but also the contents of their fantasies. Will women's lib groups, lately agitating to insure that "correct" women's role models appear in children's textbooks, next issue guidelines on appropriate romantic fantasies for grown-ups? Imagine: "The liberated woman shall become weak-kneed and light-headed by contemplating only: 1) the progress of the Equal Rights Amendment, 2) a male dinner companion's doe-eyed query after surveying the check, 'How much is \$37.80 divided by two?' or 3) William Rehnquist's retirement."

We have arrived at the point where relations between the sexes are vexed, not just because they misunderstand each other, but because the weaker (I say it defiantly) misunderstands itself. Moreover, because of the Lysenkoist adherence to the feminist mistake, women are making both themselves and men

(who had a devil of a time understanding women before all this) miserable.

For support, I cite my female friends. They range in age from 24 to 35. All are bright, attractive, and privileged. Heiresses of the movement, they are, *inter alia*, lawyers, journalists, professors, and producers. The number whose emotional lives are wholesome and fulfilling could be counted on a pitchfork.

My girlfriends' woes are not unusual. I say this because whole forests have given their lives so that the complaints of upper-middle-class young women could be enumerated, analyzed, deplored, and sulked about. But in those reams

Miss Charen is a third-year law student at George Washington University, in Washington, D.C.

of articles, hours of media specials, and numberless academic symposia lurks a planted presumption: namely, that the nostrum to cure what ails modern woman is more of the poison that first made her ill. Smite that stereotype! Debunk that role model! Man (as it were) the barricades!

The women's movement has not been an unredeemed disaster. But let's take a closer look at the price of victory.

In dispensing its spoils, women's lib has given my generation high incomes, our own cigarette, the option of single parenthood, rape crisis centers, personal lines of credit, free love, and female gynecologists. In return, it has effectively robbed us of one thing upon which the happiness of most women rests—men.

My friends don't read Harlequin romances. Their tastes run more to Jane Austen's Mr. Knightly and Rudolf Nureyev. But the difference is one of sophistication only. In the feminine imagination, all the romantic male figures exude authority. But at this point the feminist intrudes on the reverie and wags a finger at the pounding heart. There'll be none of that! The New American Woman must seek independence, self-actualization, and personal growth. And what is it now permissible to seek in a man? Presumably, only applause.

Lisa



Lisa knows, at some level, that the modern woman is expected to be self-sufficient (loosely translated from feminine—happy without men). Indeed, about every other week she sends me a literate and well-reasoned letter arguing just that. Dependence, she asserts, just isn't practical in our era. There's always untimely death, divorce, fire, flood, and famine to consider. Fair enough. The trouble is, Lisa's epiphanies on the virtues of the single life seem to dovetail with the fortunes of her love life. On alternate weeks, when all is well with Harold, her letters are all church bells and craft fairs.

There is of course nothing new about wounded women hotly vowing to enter convents on Monday and registering silver patterns on Thursday. What the women's movement has done, however, is to pile additional layers of confusion onto a subject that was scarcely clear-cut to begin with. Lisa knows she is wretched after a quarrel with Harold on the dread subject of "commitment." What she doesn't know is whether her demands, and indeed even her feelings, are legitimate. She justifies his inconstancy to me. "His career is so terribly important to him. He can't feel tied down right now." Thus is the still small voice of feminism doing its mischief. For how can Lisa, exhorted from every secular pulpit to make her own career and personal growth the *summum bonum*, ask a man to do anything less?

I'll go further and assert (with Midge Decter and George Gilder) that for three thousand years Western civilization has consisted of a magnificent conspiracy to tie men down—to hamstringing their clamorous hormones and confine their attentions to only one woman. Men always resisted domestication, recognizing (correctly) that the arrangement suited women's needs and desires far more than their own. Unless feminism can come up with a way to make men have babies, monogamy and marriage will continue to serve primarily the interests of women—though men can be taught to like it. For men, marriage is an acquired taste . . . like caviar.

President Reagan was probably alluding to something of this sort when he remarked, during an address to a meeting of women's groups, that ". . . if it wasn't for women, we men would still be walking around in skin suits and carrying clubs." The ladies booed for heavens' sake! The feminist mistake now evidently dictates that women cannot take credit for advancing Western culture. I have actually heard feminists wax argumentative about the statistic that men commit more violent crimes than women. "But domestic violence often goes unreported." You see, grandchildren, in their eagerness to obliterate *la différence*, feminists wound up slandering their own sex.

Elizabeth



Elizabeth is a lively, insightful young woman of 26 who lies about herself routinely. We met in the late Seventies at Barnard, where extravagant feminism was so entrenched that even handicapped students had difficulty getting a door opened for them. Our friendship was catalyzed by furtive, mutual confessions of apostasy. In hushed tones we admitted to each other that marrying "the right guy" and raising a family were our most cherished ambitions—indeed, for Elizabeth, those were the only things that held the promise of happiness. Her interests range from deficit spending to subatomic particles, but she never doubted that only a fulfilled family life could make her happy. She sighed over the feminist types, at war with their own best instincts, and felt serene and superior.

As graduation loomed, Elizabeth began to lie—a little to others, mostly to herself. What else could a cheerfully unliberated woman do at such a crossroad? It was easy, after all, while safely behind the gates at 116th Street and Broadway, to forecast a contented, unliberated postgraduate existence. But the drums were beating. Soon we'd be led, single-file, to the scaffold and severed from the university. The right guy was conspicuously absent. Pending his arrival, a career goal would have to be invented and then chirpily pursued. She'd always been interested in banking, Elizabeth would explain. Barnard nodded its approval. Banking gobbled her up, and for all the world she began to look and sound the consummate career woman, i.e., tartly efficient, vaguely harassed, and terribly current.

Outside the office, Liz's true ambition remained unsatisfied. She ricocheted among lovers and suitors like a rapidly deflating balloon. The irony is that she is not an unstable person. It just happens that the one message of the women's movement she accepted uncritically was the notion that "Victorian" hang-ups about sex were best discarded. She clings to this view despite the equally strong conviction that sexual intimacy leaves women more vulnerable than it does men. So while Elizabeth has tumbled freely into bed whenever her own inclination or the entreaties of the young man made it seem appropriate, she is regularly tearful and disconsolate if he fails to call the following day. She feels betrayed and ill-used. But on what grounds? The wisdom of women's lib teaches that the sexual "double standard" was invented to convenience men. The liberated man and the liberated woman, outside the strictures of a "relationship," are now free to couple when ready—and no tiresome touches of courtliness like the morning-after phone call are required. On the contrary, considering that the unspoken premise of their lovemaking

was precisely that it was *not* lovemaking at all but simply mutual, carnal gratification, a phone call would be presumptuous. It would suggest that she was motivated not by wholesome, selfish lust, but by a desire to please him.

So the search for Mr. Right by the reluctantly liberated woman continues to exact its price in emotional scar tissue. And Mr. Right is perfect in all respects save one: He's terribly tardy.

Linda



In *The Female Eunuch*, Germaine Greer noted that while "it might be expected that men would resist female liberation because it threatens the foundations of phallic narcissism, . . . there are indications that men themselves are seeking a more satisfying role." Linda's on-again, off-again fiancé of five years would blanch if he were accused of vindicating Germaine Greer. Emphatically conservative and traditional in outlook, he strikes one as precisely the sort of man whose fantasy wife would be Donna Reed. In Linda, he has found an extremely knowledgeable, selfless, smart, and traditional woman. Linda's reading matter on any given day is likely to consist of the *Wall Street Journal* and *The Joy of Cooking*. Her job is important and demanding but she'd drop it in four and a half seconds if John were to say, "Are you free for lunch today? I'd like to grab a sandwich and a blood test."

Actually, John has proposed to Linda. Three times. On each occasion he backed out, citing flaws in her personality. To what does he object? Well, she isn't sufficiently "directed." She has "remained too long in the same job." What he's really saying is that she's not liberated enough for his unconsciously movement-molded tastes. Or perhaps the fantasy John is holding out for is a vice president of CBS who will give it all up for him? Alas for John, CBS vice presidents don't give it all up for anybody. Alas for Linda, she has more to give than to give up.

Sonia



The most conspicuously gifted and brilliant of my friends teaches at a prestigious university. The master of several languages, she is an experienced horsewoman, singer, philosopher, and polemicist. Sonia's magnificent wit always verges on the outrageous—which tinges each of our encounters with a certain delightful suspense. Each time I phone her, though, I am filled with suspense much more closely resembling foreboding, because she is also capable of screeching, nose-dive depressions. It is probable, considering her flamboyance and eccentricity, that Sonia would be restless and dissatisfied in any era. But the feminist mistake has allowed her to fall more easily into the kind of error to which she was, in any case, prone.

By temperament excitable and melodramatic, her unfettered life is a virtual blueprint of the feminist ideal: her own apartment, celebrity houseguests, not one but two careers. On these facts, she could pass even the most fastidious feminist white-glove test. But this accomplishment gives her no satisfaction. She regards feminism and all its works with contempt. She lives alone at 35 because she too is waiting for the elusive Mr. Right. Indeed, I sometimes think Sonia's intellectual glitter and razzle-dazzle are the equivalents of the coquette's wiggle or the flirt's mis-

chievous smile—it's all done to appeal to men. That's not quite fair, but knowing Sonia's impish sense of humor, I think she might respond, "Why of course. Why else should a sensible girl read Schopenhauer in the original?"

I don't know if there is a right man for Sonia, or if any man could make her happy. But she does talk more and more of children as the years chug rudely along. When her hideous depressions do strike, they are born of a terrible sense of aloneness. For the most part, this is the result of her own high expectations, but it's also in part the harvest of feminism. Women's lib helped to create a world where it is unseemly to encourage, and positively obscene to pressure, a woman into marriage and motherhood. And no doubt in Heaven the angels are rejoicing at the decision of some shrews to remain childless. But some worthy women (like most men) require a little prodding to let childhood go and settle down to the responsibilities of adulthood. (This is not to disparage singleness across-the-board. In the maiden aunt who devotes herself to parents, it can be noble; in the distracted research scientist, just as well; and in the irredeemably selfish, a blessing.)

Thinking of Sonia's protracted adolescence, it occurs to me that among the most comical items of the feminist agenda is the aggressive substitution of the word "woman" for "girl." (An anthology of feminist writings lists: Anonymous Poem: By a Seven-Year-Old Woman.) But though eager to be respected as women, the feminists may have engendered the paradoxical result whereby girls, far from becoming women sooner, are remaining princesses longer.

If the single life were less glamorized, Sonia would very likely be married and fruitful by now. She might not be happy, but somehow I know my fingers wouldn't tremble as I dialed her phone number. Those desperate tailspin depressions just wouldn't be possible. She'd be far too busy complaining about how unhappy she was.

Naomi



I do have one friend who is completely comfortable with the timid new world as it is. Perhaps not coincidentally, she is also the most achieving, credential-mad dynamo of my acquaintance (male or female). Naomi did her undergraduate work at Princeton, accumulating honors and awards not passively but with a singlemindedness that would make Captain Ahab look like a Left Bank dilettante. From there she charged into journalism, the glamor field of the Eighties, and captured more trophies. But when, 18 months out of college, her career was advancing only rapidly enough to satisfy an ordinarily ambitious person, she assayed the prestige landscape, spied what would most expeditiously catapult her onto the *New York Times* editorial page, and applied to law school. Harvard.

Naomi is not indifferent to men. Her approach can best be described as "scientific socializing." She is rarely without a steady boyfriend. When one is lacking, she assays the social landscape, fixes her sights on some bright, ambitious fellow, and pursues him doggedly until he surrenders. "You are a very unrealistic person," she once chided me, "you're waiting for someone who'll make you weak in the knees." Naomi's knees are made of tungsten. Perhaps, when she eventually proposes to her future husband, she'll get down on one of them.

Now I have known Naomi for 16 years, so I'm in a

position to reveal a secret or two about her. She would not deny, I think, that she was raised in every material respect as a first-born son. She was supposed to be Norman. Not so many years ago, if a disappointed couple had found themselves the parents of a "baby woman" instead of a boy, an unhappy and insecure young lady was almost certain to result. Today you get an editor of the *Harvard Law Review* with knees of steel. There's one other secret I can reveal about Naomi—she reads romance novels.

It's not just blinding careerism on the part of women that has so aggravated relations between the sexes. It's the incessant carping that accompanies it. Feminists are forever discovering subtle new forms of sexism and then beating men about the head and shoulders with it. It is left to the rest of us to suffer the inevitable backlash this provokes among men. Besides, the feminists have the Federal Government behind them.

WHAT WAS sexual harassment before the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the government enforcement arm of the women's movement, got into the act? Presumably it was lewd and unconscionable behavior by a male employee toward a female employee. What has it now become? Sexism, and actionable in a court of law as such. Moreover, it has become de rigueur, when speaking of sexual harassment, to do so in gender-neutral terms: "When one employee propositions or attempts to fondle another employee." You see, grandchildren, this prevents anyone's getting the impression that women are less likely to misbehave in this particular way than men.

Sexism itself is becoming a very murky concept. If racism

is the belief that one race is superior to another, it's logical that sexism is the belief that one sex is superior to the other. But how does this belief manifest itself? Is a pinch by the water cooler, or even an indecent proposition from a boss to his (er, her?) secretary, evidence of supremacist views? Isn't it really just a matter of bad manners and morals?

If the feminists were truly engaged in an effort to reform the nation's manners and morals, I'd grab a banner and join the parade. But their true goal, to neuter our culture, is betrayed by the leveling language upon which they insist. Why should I pretend that women go about ogling and propositioning men when I know it isn't true, for the sake of some artificial parallelism? Women have enough flaws characteristic of their own sex without raiding the provinces of male perfidy.

Worse yet, feminism has contributed some subtle sexism of its own to the decaying discourse. In their headlong rush to complete "equality," feminists have stigmatized "ladylike" behavior as latter-day Uncle Tomism. In consequence, one of the traditional pleasures of female companionship—a certain delicacy of expression and sentiment—is giving way to coarseness and vulgarity. Gentleness is prized today only in men (like the saccharine Alan Alda); in women it is regarded as reactionary.

Perhaps my grandchildren will look back on our era as socially aberrant ("Did they really want boys and girls to be the same Grandma?"). Perhaps not. One thing is certain. It's up to the women. Organized booing or no, women transmit culture. If feminist competitiveness loses, feminine contentment will win. □



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NGUYEN VAN HAO'S MISSING VISA

ONLY ONE senior official in the U.S.-supported government of Nguyen Van Thieu was kept on by the Communists as an advisor after their takeover of South Vietnam in 1975. He is Nguyen Van Hao, a Western-educated economist who was deputy prime minister in charge of economic development in the final year of the Thieu regime. In the summer of 1982, after his advice had been ignored for seven years, Hao was allowed to leave Vietnam, legally, for France. Either because he cooperated with the Communists and was never asked to undergo a course of "re-education," or because he was instrumental in blocking a scheme that would have shipped South Vietnam's gold reserves to the U.S. in the closing days of the war, the State Department has rejected his request to join his wife and four children in Houston. Whatever the merits of his appeal for a visa, Hao is the only person who operated at or near the highest levels of both the anti-Communist and Communist governments in Vietnam. What follows is the story of a Vietnamese nationalist who found it morally insupportable to flee the sinking ship that the Republic of Vietnam had become in April 1975.

"The people of Saigon have three dreams now," Nguyen Van Hao (pronounced "how") told me in his apartment in a Paris suburb last summer: "They dream that tomorrow the earth will collapse, swallowing up the leaders in Hanoi along with themselves. Or they dream that *anyone* from the pre-1975 governments—no matter how bad—will come back and deliver the country from the Communists. There would be accounts to settle, but they could wait until after the Communists were beaten. Finally, they dream that something might change when the old leadership in Hanoi dies. This is the most tragic hope, because it means that the people in fact understand that the

Communists are there now for generations."

I was in Paris to complete my research for a book on the final months of the war in Vietnam, and to find out from recent arrivals what life is like there now. I interviewed a Communist Party official who spent four years in Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon) after the Communist victory in 1975 and who defected while on a technical mission to Italy in 1980. I spoke with several men who spent years in the forced-labor camps that still go by the euphemism "re-education centers," and with numerous other Vietnamese who have left their country either legally or, much more commonly, in fishing boats. None of them conveyed the despair that now exists in what its citizens still call Saigon as succinctly as did Nguyen Van Hao with the few sentences above.

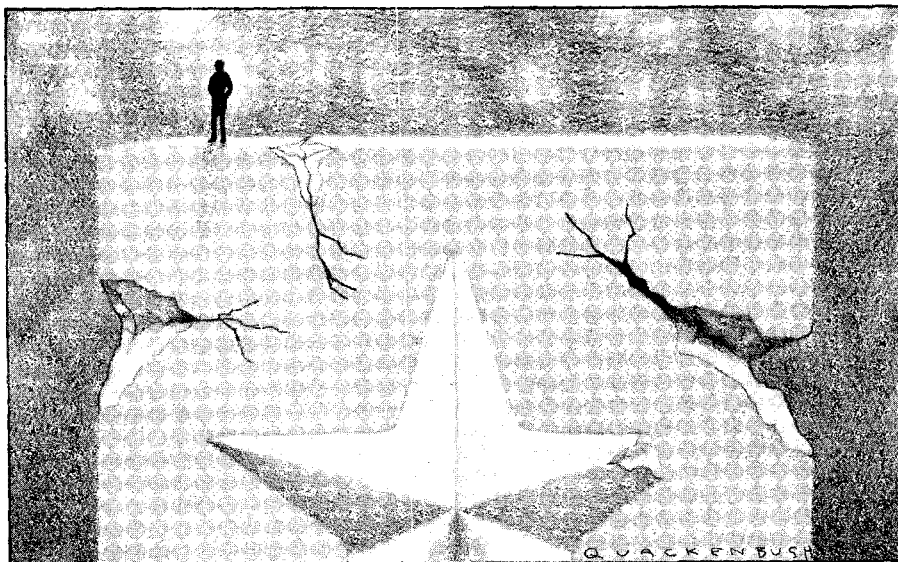
For most of the summer, his children were with him. He had brought out the two young girls. The boys, young teenagers, had been allowed to leave Vietnam earlier with their mother. They were visiting from Houston and eventually took their sisters home.

In June, shortly before I spoke to

him, Dr. Hao was notified by the U.S. authorities that the girls could go on to Houston but he could not. The phrase on the bureaucratic form from the U.S. Embassy in Paris refers to a clause in the immigration law barring "current or former Communists, anarchists, or subversives."

I had four long sessions with Dr. Hao in his ground-floor apartment in one of those high-rise blocks on the outskirts of Paris. I was drawn back again and again to get his story in full, partly because I gradually became convinced that my government has made a gross mistake in his case, in the process violating the principle that has underlain the great majority of resettlements of Indochinese refugees in this country since 1975: family reunion. If Nguyen Van Hao is or ever was a Communist, then I am Pham Van Dong, and Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, who has supported Dr. Hao's request to join his family in Houston, is Ho Chi Minh.

More than that, I was drawn to Dr. Hao because his testimony is accessible, and authoritative. Accessible because he was educated in Europe and is fluent in English. Authoritative not



only because he was the sole senior participant in the transition from the Thieu government to the Communist years, but also because he came to high office young. He is only 44 now; trim, stylish, with what may be a broken nose under exceptionally alert eyes that would make him appear wary if he didn't smile so often. He has the matter-of-fact ease of a man early used to power, won on sheer brains. His analysis of the Communists' methods and goals is as patently believable as the testimony of an old friend—your brightest classmate at college—who married a secret alcoholic.

HAO'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS one of those officials sent south by the emperor as the Vietnamese pushed the Cambodians out of what became South Vietnam. (As a city, Saigon is about as old as San Francisco.) Hao's father was once the wealthiest man in their small town. He lost his fortune when fighting between the Vietminh and the French destroyed the town. Moving his family closer to Saigon, he became a nurse, a man licensed to give injections.

When Hao was 16, the family's finances forced him to quit school. He was bringing in a little cash as a photographer in the seaside resort of Vung Tau when he became the sudden beneficiary of an act of extraordinary charity. A senior official in the government of Ngo Dinh Diem was cured of some illness at the French Grall hospital in Saigon. The patient specifically wanted to show his gratitude to his nurse, who was not Nguyen Van Hao's father but the young photographer's best friend. "No," the friend said, "I have my job, I need nothing. But I have this friend. . . ."

The man arranged for a passport and sent Hao to Paris, where he finished the *lycée*. Then, with a series of scholarships from the Swiss government, Hao, between 1955 and 1963, earned a BA in business administration, an MA in political science, and a PhD in economics, all from the University of Geneva.

He worked briefly for the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN in Rome and returned to Vietnam in 1965. Of course his government need-

April 24: Dr. Hao appears on national television to try to dampen the growing panic in Saigon. 'No one should flee,' he says. 'As an example, I pledge that I and my family will stay'

ed him. Hao advanced rapidly in the ministries and development banks that oversaw economics and agriculture. With strong American support, he was one of the key officials who implemented what was in fact a successful land-reform program in South Vietnam. "In ten years, we changed them from peasants to small businessmen," he says with pride. "By the end of the war, they were charting prices, and watching the weather, and switching from rice to fruit or vegetables, or even fishing, as in any classic, small free-holding society." In 1974, Hao became deputy prime minister in charge of economic development and concurrently minister of agriculture and of industry.

He was good, he was clean, and he was on our side.

He was also a senior official in a government that had become openly corrupt, and from which the U.S. Congress was rapidly withdrawing support. With the approval of Thieu and the chief of the national police, he named as his minister of trade a man known to have been a Communist once and believed still to have links with the Communists. "If there were going to be negotiations, I thought we should have someone in the government who could talk to them," he says.

The fact that his man at the ministry of trade was a suspected Communist may underlie the most serious charge that has been leveled against Hao in the West. In *Decent Interval*, former CIA analyst Frank Snepp writes that "several reliable sources" informed him after the fall of Saigon that Hao had prevented the gold reserves of the Republic of Vietnam from being air-shipped to the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, because the Communists had assured him of lenient treatment if he did so. "Though Hao was no



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Mr. Butler is writing a book on the final months of the war in Vietnam.

agent himself, he was young, excitable, and somewhat idealistic (fatal alchemy)," Snapp writes, "and he evidently took his Communist contacts at their word."

Hao vehemently denies the charge. He challenges Snapp, or anyone else, American or Vietnamese, to prove that he had any contact with the Vietcong.

Early in April, a rumor surfaced in Saigon that President Thieu was plotting to remove the republic's remaining gold reserves—about 16 tons—to Switzerland. Thieu told some of his subordinates that he planned to place the gold in the Bank of International Settlements and use it as collateral for arms purchases. But many Vietnamese believed he wanted to remove the gold for his own use, and the charter airlines with whom Thieu had been negotiating backed off. At that point, the U.S. Embassy weighed in with the idea that the gold could go to the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, where several countries do keep their reserves. Again, the idea was that the gold would finance the purchase of arms and ammunition denied South Vietnam by the U.S. Congress. There was a delay while the State Department sought an insurer for the shipment, which was scheduled to go on a military flight.

Then, on April 21, Thieu resigned. Vice President Tran Van Huong—an aged, asthmatic, half-blind former schoolteacher—automatically became president. For a week, he stubbornly resisted stepping down in favor of General Duong Van Minh, whom the French, especially, and eventually even the Americans, were convinced was the one man in Saigon with whom the Communists might negotiate a ceasefire and some sort of political independence for a truncated South Vietnam for a few months or possibly a few years. You remember Duong Van Minh: He was the one with the nickname—Big Minh. The nickname derived from his unusual physical size.

At the end of that week, a plane stood by at Tan Son Nhut Airport to take the gold. And Huong, with Hao's advice, refused to let it go.

The embassy's economics counselor was Denny Ellerman. "Every day, Ellerman comes to see me that week," Nguyen Van Hao told me in Paris. "And I ask him: 'Why? Why does the gold have to go, please tell me the truth.' And he tells me: 'We are afraid

that the gold will be destroyed if there is a battle for Saigon.'"

"Didn't he tell you that the ambassador realized there wasn't going to be any supplementary military aid and he wanted the gold as collateral for arms purchases?"

"No! He never told me that! If he told me that . . . if he said, 'Listen, the war is lost. We must have the gold to finance a resistance. We will take out you and your family and all of the officials in your ministries . . . ' Okay. Then there is something for me to think about." He paused. "No. I would actually have said: 'There are alternatives. We still have half the country, half the army. If we have to lose, there are ways to lose. Other than just running away. Why do you seem to care more about 16 tons of gold than about the entire population of South Vietnam?'"

He is normally so calm that when he grows suddenly impassioned it has effect.

"I told President Huong that if we shipped out the gold and then transferred power to Big Minh, he could accuse us of sabotage, of treason. Everyone thought Big Minh was in a position to negotiate."

A few scenes from the sudden end of a long war:

Thursday, April 24: Dr. Hao appears on national television to try to dampen the growing panic in Saigon. "We must keep firm, be quiet and disciplined," he says. "No one should

flee. As an example, I pledge that I and my family will stay."

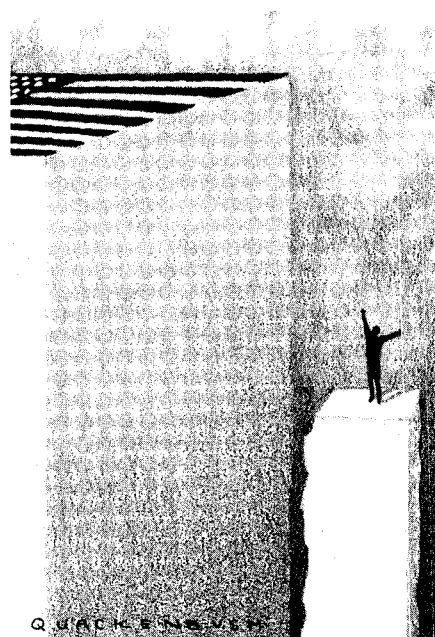
Sunday, April 27: Hao goes with the president of the Senate to Big Minh's villa to ask him what he is going to do if the National Assembly transfers power to him. Big Minh as usual has no detailed plans. He says only: "I will tell you one thing for sure. When we have the power we will not capitulate."

At eight o'clock that night, Hao leaves the National Assembly to go back to Big Minh's villa and plead with him to come to the assembly and spell out his program. Minh declines, on the ground that it is a bad day on the Vietnamese horoscope. "But I am confident, Dr. Hao," he says, "that when the power is given me officially by the radio, when the other side knows that, the guns will fall silent." Hao returns to the National Assembly, which votes unanimously to transfer power to Big Minh. (Of this political dance of death at the end, Hao would tell me in Paris, "I realize now that at that moment the Communists were right: That week we truly were puppets, of the French and the Americans.")

Monday, April 28: Big Minh assumes the presidency in a long, televised ceremony at Independence Palace. When it is over, Dr. Hao goes directly to a meeting of the remaining senior officials of his ministries. In fact, because of Dr. Hao's example, few have left. And within 45 minutes of the end of the ceremony transferring power to Big Minh, Communist pilots in captured American aircraft bomb Tan Son Nhut Airport on the northern edge of the capital. As Saigon fills with the sound of anti-aircraft fire, some of Dr. Hao's officials ask him if he still thinks the Communists are going to negotiate with Big Minh. Dr. Hao admits that he does not know. He tells them that he is still going to stay, but they are free to leave if they wish.

Tuesday, April 29: With the runways at Tan Son Nhut unusable, the Americans begin the final helicopter evacuation from Vietnam.

Wednesday, April 30: Shortly after 10 A.M., two hours after the last 11 Marines are extracted from the roof of the U.S. Embassy, Big Minh goes on national radio to instruct his soldiers to lay down their arms. He does not use the word surrender, but that is what it is.



Dr. Hao finds Big Minh and several of his close aides at the prime minister's office. He urges them to go to Independence Palace, the seat of the presidency. In the hour and a half between their arrival at the palace and the coming of the first Communist tanks, Dr. Hao speaks with Jean-Louis Arnaud, the Agence France Presse bureau chief. "The future is rosy," he tells Arnaud. "I hope it is not red." Then Hao calls his wife and tells her to take care of the children in case he never returns.

A soldier rushes from his tank to the entourage awaiting him in the broad second-floor reception hall of the palace, sweeping his rifle and shouting: "Where is Big Minh? Big Minh must come forward and kneel down!"

"I remember the moment so clearly," Hao says eight years later. "This was the moment of danger for me. Because if Big Minh had done it, I knew that I could not. There were photographers. The first thing in my character is pride. It comes from the old mandarin, my father's grandfather. It accounts for everything: the TV appearance. . . . Anyway, if I knelt they would take the picture and all my friends would see it. So I knew I could not do it.

"Luckily, another officer came quickly and pushed the first man aside. 'This is the moment for politics, not for guns,' he said."

Dr. Hao and Big Minh, along with two others, were kept in the palace for two and a half days. Hao was the only one of the four who had served in the Thieu government, and as the three wrote letters and made phone calls asking for leniency, they did not include him. They slept in the dispensary, which had three cots and a surgical trolley. Hao slept on the trolley.

The four were released at a ceremony to which the remaining foreign press was invited. Big Minh was kept under loose house arrest until 1982, when he was very quietly allowed to leave Vietnam for France, where he does not speak with journalists.

The day after Dr. Hao returned home, officials of the "military management committee," which quickly took over the city, called on him and asked if he would be willing to advise them on economic matters. He would.

Remember the Provisional Revolutionary Government? The leaders of the PRG arrived in Saigon from their

'In 15 years you changed us more than the French had in eighty. And then, at the last minute, you never said what was your intention. You washed your hands and went, secretly'

jungle headquarters, were put up in what had been a foreigners' hotel called the Miramar—and given nothing of substance to do. (Before unification in 1976, the PRG was dissolved.)

The Communists asked Dr. Hao if he wished to return to his deputy prime minister's office. No, that would be too official. He asked for and was given the office he had occupied in the Bank of Vietnam when he was president of the national economic development fund.

What did he do for them, and what did he not do?

He wrote six volumes of reports, totaling more than a thousand pages. Nine-

teen copies of each report went to the Politburo in Hanoi. Dr. Hao kept one copy. Thanks to the good offices of a diplomatic mission in Vietnam, his copy of the reports was covertly removed to France before he left the country. I do not read Vietnamese. I have friends who do, and Dr. Hao knew that he was speaking to me for publication. I have no reason not to believe him when he says that the same themes are repeated over and over again in the reports: Encourage private initiative. Do not try to collectivize the southern rice farmers; they are no longer peasants but small businessmen, who will, if you tell them you are going to force them to give 60 per cent of the crop to the collective, simply stop growing rice and go fishing. Encourage foreign trade. Reach out first to the anti-Communist countries of ASEAN (The Association of Southeast Asian Nations—Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore, and Thailand), and then to the United States. "You must reach out a hand to your enemy."

"But they had become subjective,"
(Continues on page 53)

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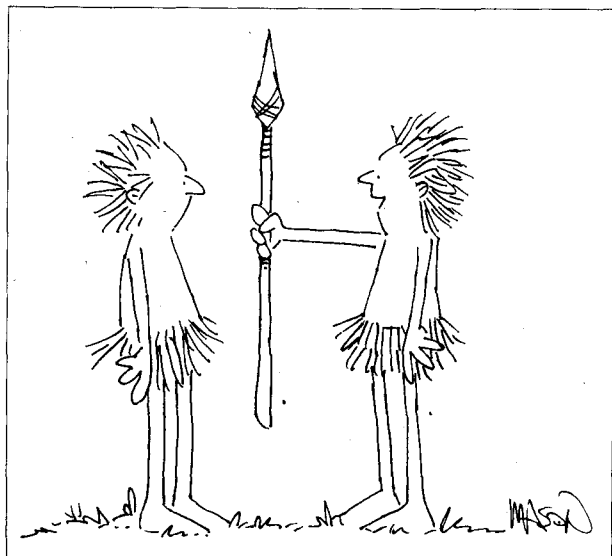
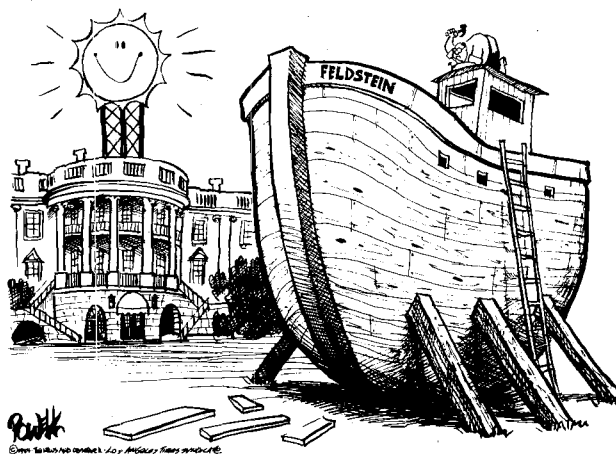
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Elegies in a City Churchyard

Banker

In life,
With debtors closeted;
In death,
Under-deposited.

Teacher

With chalky hand
On death's slate set
Her Alpha-and-
Omega-bet.

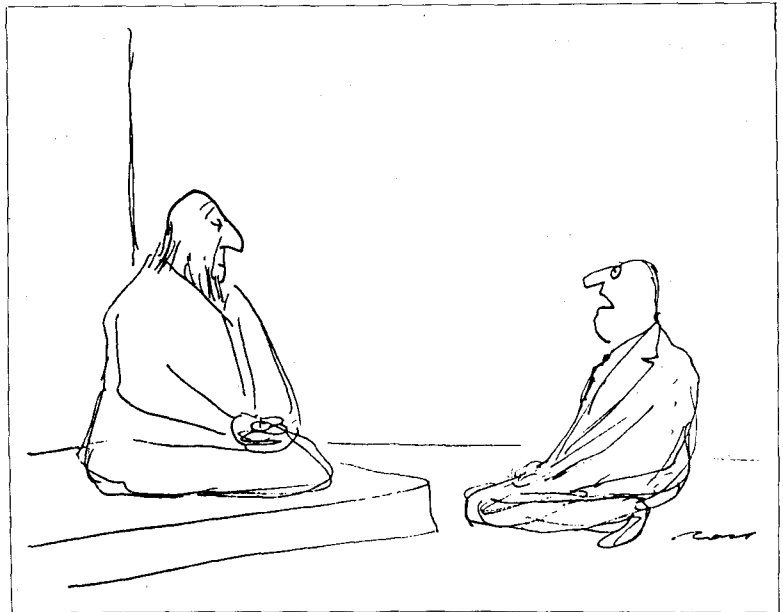
Mannequin

Cold and proud
Her lean physique,
And her shroud
Divinely chic.

Dentist

No use has he
For probes and drills—
This cavity
He amply fills.

GLORIA MAXSON



Ross

Rothco

*"Oh ancient one, avatar of the age, the highest of the high,
shall I sell my mutual-fund stock?"*

1984 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER CORRELL FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE



AT HOME WITH WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

PEACE

ONE LOOKS back at this moment or that in one's life and says, Ah, yes, that was a happy moment; and the wise will even recognize happiness when they see it under their noses. Pain we know when we have it but forget when it is gone. Peace: not the peace that comes with triumph or the ripening of a dream, but the peace of rightness, the sight of the wholeness of our existence—this too we can feel in retrospect and occasionally in the flesh. I write at such a moment.

We are midway of a Sunday afternoon, one of those Massachusetts miracles of a blue windless day when people stroll in their shirtsleeves although the snow lies all about. Through the window at my right I can see past the barn to the foals in the field, the sun behind them lighting them with outlines of fire; the filly, part Chincoteague, has winter plumage like a Persian lamb. Beyond the foals I see the clean rows of blueberry bushes in whose honor this farm is named, and amongst whose sweet abundance the youngest senior editor of this journal and his bride have been known to sing madrigals.

If I look through the window before me, I see the curving drive in the courtyard and the marvelously dense birch in the inner circle (let us now remember rabbit droppings); beyond, the pair of rare Carolina silver bells (*halesia*), the formal plantings, the herb garden, the pool and poolhouse, the continuation of the formal boxes and yews down to the edge of the south forty. Slightly to the right, the tennis court, vegetable garden, greenhouse. . . I can stand at one window in our bedroom and sight down the main axis of the great bushes laid out decades ago by a master landscaper, offering a noble distance. Be it never so humble, there's no place like Versailles.

The hens in the barn are announcing their eggs proudly, and one low insist-

ing cackle tells me the Black Maria is in a broody mood. She's the Bantam: They love to mother.

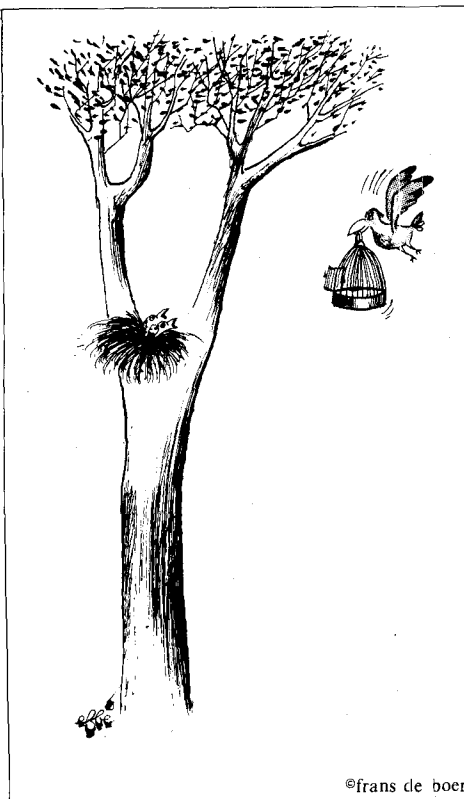
Three children, with our Doberman-Labrador twin puppies on leashes, have strolled into the sunshine, on their way for a walk in the woods, perhaps intending to cross the bridge Larry built across a tributary of Fish Brook to our neighbor's land, where the ancient trail continues. We paid six dollars each for the puppies, and they have eaten a hundred dollars' worth of furniture. But they look like Dobies; so the troublesome are repelled. These laughing little creatures, too, contribute to the peace of the homestead.

The children are cousins. The oldest, a junior at St. George's, talks more and more of becoming a doctor; indeed, a pediatrician, for he loves children. His mother lies sleeping upstairs, for she was on duty during the night.

The youngest, also a flaxen-haired boy, is only four, but is bright beyond his years and has already had a professional career—as a child model for advertisers. His father, too, lies resting upstairs, for he has had the flu bug and some disturbed nights.

The middle boy, a muscular freshman at St. Paul's, has black Oriental hair and is a wizard in computers, math, and chess. He has also won all three of his wrestling matches this year. His father, finally, lies upstairs resting, and watching with him are the parents of the three now resting, or, to see them in a different light, the grandparents of the three young boys now strolling in the woods on this irenic afternoon.

We'll probably have chicken for supper, one of those full-flavored birds we grow without chemicals.



YOU see, the treatment center in Boston had run out of ideas and Bill didn't want anything more to do with hospitals and he had been living with us since last June anyway when he came up from Florida to start the chemotherapy and so we all agreed that it would be home home home all the way and so that is why the chess wizard's nine-year-old sister is flying up from Florida this evening and why we're trying to get a call through to the college student in New Orleans and why the mother of the four-year-old professional model just arrived with her two infant daughters and why a gentleman and a lady in their seventies are watching over a child who is only forty and can no longer swallow a pill and why someone will arrive soon to start administering the new doses with a needle and why we are gathering together under the whole span from beginning to end to beginning and why we will have a very certain peace descending upon us all and why we will have chicken for dinner. □

ABROAD

MEXICO

The Corruption Loop

Even among the epic scandals of graft and corruption that plague Mexico's political life, the case of the former police chief of Mexico City, Arturo Durazo, is legendary. Durazo held office until the end of the term of Mexico's last president, José López Portillo, and is now charged with smuggling, illegal possession of arms, and half a million dollars' worth of tax evasion. But as he has left the country he may never be brought to trial. The scandal typifies the way the country is governed by the immovable and irreplaceable single party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), which appoints one president after another for a six-year term with only a façade of democratic process. And once a president's term is over, his behavior in office is, by common consent, never discussed. Durazo's case has been spiced by the publication of a book by his former chief of staff, himself the confessed perpetrator of several murders, who alleges that his erstwhile boss made a fortune through fraud, extortion, and drugs. During Durazo's time in office, it is no surprise to learn that the police became Mexico's most hated institution. Durazo made the equivalent of \$1,000 a month, but he was able to maintain two luxurious houses, one of which on the Pacific Coast was a version of the Parthenon. The other, at Ajusco outside the capital, included a stable of 13 race horses, garages housing 1900-vintage cars, cellars full of rare wines, and an entertainment complex that was the replica of Studio 54 in New York. His staff at these places comprised 1,200 servants, all paid out of the public treasury. Durazo is also alleged to have taken regular kickbacks of 59 pesos from 25,000 police paychecks for the purpose of providing suitable funerals for officers killed in the line of duty. The Durazo scandal erupted as present President Miguel de la Madrid is trying to purge the police of their endemic corruption. A Catch-22 element is the fact that a rise in the crime rate is attributed to the activities of ex-policemen who have been fired from the force for corruption.

PARIS

Battle of the Pyramid

A major row has erupted here over plans to build a huge glass pyramid in the principal courtyard of the Louvre in order to create a new entrance to the museum and to an underground level of shops and offices. The plan, drawn up by American architect I. M. Pei, also calls for three smaller pyramids to house escalators leading underground. The concept would dramatically alter the main view of the Louvre from the Tuileries, and it is no wonder tradition-minded Parisians are objecting. The idea was to combine a modern "statement" with the centuries-old architecture of this ancient royal palace, and the design has been approved as of now by the museum's authorities. The pyramid was originally intended to rise one hundred feet, which would have brought its apex close to the level of the eaves of the classical and Renaissance façades that would have enclosed it. The pyramid's height has been lowered, but even so it will still go up almost sixty feet and rest on a base with each side measuring ninety feet. It will certainly dominate

the approach to the original wings of the palace, and may displace a statue of Lafayette erected in the Louvre courtyard as a gift from the American people and subsidized by collections of pennies from schoolchildren in the United States.

SOUTH GEORGIA ISLAND

Soviet Trawlers Again

Damage to marine life through indiscriminate catches by huge Soviet trawlers operating off continental shelves has become a familiar phenomenon in the oceans of the world. It now appears that these vessels are attacking the rich waters of the Antarctic seas, harvesting vast quantities of krill, the small crustaceans that are the basis of food chains in these waters. Krill supports a teeming life of fish, birds, and mammals. A British scientific expedition, which stopped at this island group recently, found numerous seal pups near starvation, apparently because they were abandoned by their parents. Through radio-tracking devices attached to the adult seals, scientists learned that the animals were spending far longer—up to 17 days—on food hunting expeditions for their young. The normal maximum span is five days. The diminished supply of krill that nourishes the fish population was the obvious reason, a condition believed to be directly attributable to Soviet fishing vessels in neighboring waters.

BRUSSELS

Honi Soif . . .

Belgium is not a country often thought of in connection with experiments in temperance, nor are its hearty inhabitants especially known for their abstemiousness. Nevertheless, the Belgian parliament has done a strange thing: It has abolished a law, which no one knew existed, prohibiting the sale of alcohol to any and all citizens. Known as the Vandervelde Act, the law was passed in 1919 ostensibly to prevent the working class from over-indulgence in hard liquor, not that anyone has been refused a cognac or a schnapps in a Belgian café within living memory. Curiously but sensibly enough, beer and wine were exempted from the prohibition, so the Belgians were never faced with the prospect of becoming teetotalers. The only real result of the repeal is the nuisance it represents to bar owners and liquor merchants, who must now pay a hefty tax on the liquor they serve—henceforward perfectly legal.



"We're eccentrics, all right. Sid here is a flat-earthier and I'm a ban-the-bomb."

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

HE GREW

Jeffrey Hart

Dark Horse: A Biography of Wendell Willkie, by Steve Neal
Doubleday, 371 pp., \$17.95

ON A SWELTERING August afternoon in 1940, Wendell Lewis Willkie returned to his boyhood home of Elwood, in north central Indiana, and accepted the Republican presidential nomination. What was said to be the greatest crowd in political history—nearly 200,000 persons—had converged on the small town for Willkie's day." So begins Steve Neal's excellent and revealing biography. Neal is a journalist as well as an established biographer, and he has not written an academic sandbag but a taut and readable book. In one of the stirring moments of American political history, the charismatic Willkie had come roaring out of the West by way of Wall Street to seize, against every expectation, the 1940 Republican nomination from such established political figures as Taft, Dewey, Vandenberg, and Herbert Hoover. From the start, Willkie had had a populist-radical side. His strong mother "was unsentimental, had a quick mind, and [was] something of a non-conformist, [being] the first woman in Elwood to smoke cigarettes."

Willkie went to the local high school, also Culver, and on to Indiana University, where he "challenged the faculty's rigid conservatism and contributed to a campus magazine called *Bogus*, which was iconoclastic." Then

M. D. Aeschliman is the author of The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case against Scientism, recently published by W. B. Eerdmans.

Herbert Kenny, a New England author and critic, is the former book-review editor for the Boston Globe.

J. O. Tate is an editor for The Flannery O'Connor Bulletin, and professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York.

a law degree, at the top of his class, from Indiana, and service in World War I: Wilsonian idealism and an "almost religious belief in the League of Nations." His abilities as an attorney brought him to high corporate attention, and, moving to New York in 1929, he rose rapidly as a defender of private utilities against the hostility of the New Deal. By the age of 41, he was president of Commonwealth and Southern, and a powerful spokesman for American business. On the night of January 6, 1938, on the weekly radio show *America's Town Meeting of the Air*—which had a large and literate audience—he trounced Robert H. Jackson, a bright New Deal star. A little later, he successfully took on Felix Frankfurter at a debate at the Harvard Club. He was still nominally a Democrat, but powerful Eastern Republicans had appraised him with intense interest.

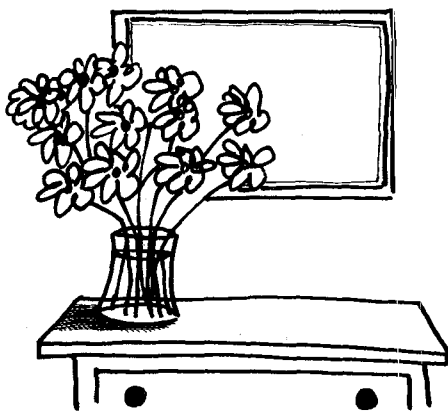
He was the first media candidate, print and radio. The Luce publications turned themselves into Willkie campaign pamphlets, as did the Cowles brothers' *Look*. The *Herald Tribune* and the *Saturday Evening Post* boomed his presidential candidacy, and thousands of Willkie clubs sprang up across the land. Influential columnists like Ar-

thur Krock and David Lawrence came out for him.

The big political issue throughout 1940, and at the Republican Convention that summer in Philadelphia, was not a Left-Right issue in our present sense, but one of isolationism versus interventionism. Indeed, many of the Western populist isolationists were well to the left of Willkie backers like Luce and other Eastern corporate Republicans. Still, in the end, it was not really they who put Willkie over, but Adolf Hitler. One week before the convention, Hitler conquered France, and Willkie was the only Republican leader who was solidly behind aid to Britain, which he considered our first line of defense. The looming power of the Axis confirmed Willkie's stature as a foreign-policy prophet. (A joke of the day had it that Tom Dewey was the first American casualty of the Second World War.) On the first ballot, Willkie had 105 votes of the 501 necessary to win. Dewey had 360, Taft 189, and it was not until the sixth ballot that Willkie finally, amid pandemonium—"We Want Willkie!"—prevailed.

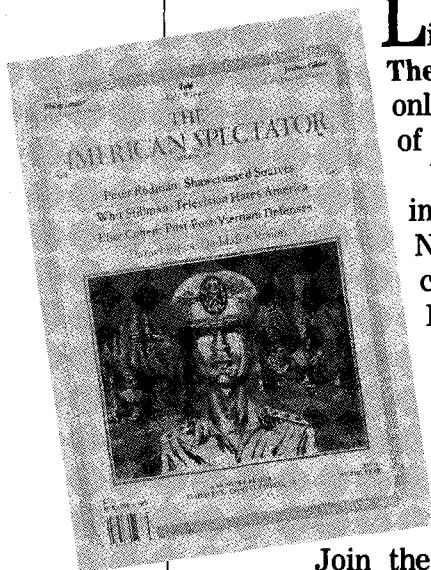
And he proved to be a formidable campaigner, striking fear into the New Deal chiefs and closing fast at the end. With his shock of black hair, bear-like energetic body, and gravelly voice, he was like a force of nature: "One-man rule always leads down the road to warrrr."

There is another aspect to Willkie, however, that Neal recounts but does not assess. Willkie, in New York, developed new friends. Though he remained married to his Indiana wife, he had a passionate love affair, extending over five years, with *Herald Tribune* book editor Irita Van Doren. (Though Willkie was practically living with her, FDR could not use it in the campaign, because he knew that the Republicans possessed damaging corre-



M.IAN

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spondence between the vice presidential candidate, Henry Wallace, and a mystical political guru named Nicholas Roerich.) Through Irita Van Doren, of the literary Van Dorens, Willkie met Carl Sandburg, Rebecca West, Stephen Vincent Benet, John Gunther, Joseph Barnes, Mark Van Doren, Vincent Sheean, William L. Shirer, and many others. "Irita opened enormous doors to Willkie," observed one acquaintance, "and he loved it."

As, indeed, who would not? But Willkie seems to have been thrown wide of common sense by the atmosphere he absorbed among the literati. After his defeat by FDR, Willkie manifested something approaching contempt for such other Republican politicians as Taft and Dewey. Not only had he ceased to be a lawyer or a businessman, he even ceased to be a politician in the recognizable sense and became a prophet of globalism: Some felt that he had moved to the left of FDR. Not surprisingly, his political career came to an end when he was crushed by Dewey in the 1944 Wisconsin Republican primary.

Interested in this evolution, I looked up his 1943 best-seller, *One World*, a vividly recounted narrative of this thirty-thousand-mile tour of the various battle fronts in Europe, Africa, and Asia, and his meetings with just about every leader among the Allies. It is an excellent work of reportage, but, also, weird. The Willkie who had seen so clearly the menace of Nazism finds nothing of the sort in the USSR. "Russia is an effective society. It works. It has survival value . . . We must work with Russia after the war." (N.B.: It is *we* who must work *with* Russia, not the other way around.) And there is a marvelous, chilling meeting with Stalin—but Willkie has no sense of the chill in Stalin's roar of laughter. "Stalin, I should judge, is about five feet four or five . . . I was surprised to find how short he is, but his head, his mustache, and eyes are big . . . Strange as it may seem, Stalin dresses in light pastel shades. His well-known tunic is of finely woven material and is apt to be of a soft green or a delicate pink . . . Once I was telling him of the Soviet schools and libraries I had seen—how good they seemed to me. And I added, 'But if you continue to educate the Russian people, Mr. Stalin, the first thing you know you'll educate yourself out of a job.'

"He threw back his head and laughed and laughed. Nothing I said to him, or heard anyone else say to him, seemed to amuse him as much."

Willkie died during the summer of 1944, at age 52, after suffering multiple heart attacks. Some felt that the colossal expenditure of energy with which he had fought the 1940 campaign had permanently weakened his health. □

ACROSS THE FIERY BROOK

M. D. Aeschliman

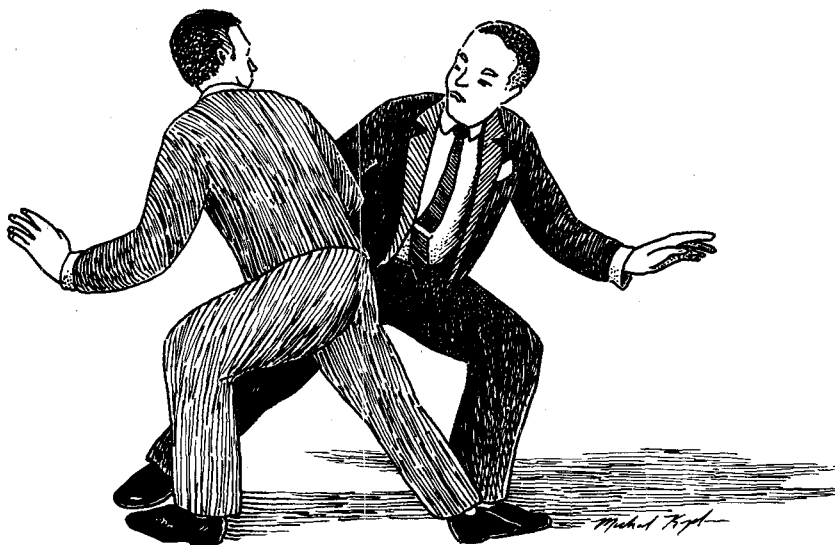
A Partisan View: Five Decades of the Literary Life, by William Phillips
Stein & Day, 312 pp., \$19.95

THE EDITOR of *Partisan Review* for almost fifty years, William Phillips has written an absorbing, self-deprecating memoir of great interest and value. Perhaps the best of the many good things in this book is its revelation of the character of the author himself. With his apparently scrupulous insistence on honesty and balance; his muted, almost elegiac tone; his personal modesty; and a kind of moral stoicism in the face of a century largely consisting of nightmare and chaos, Phillips emerges in this account as a man of oddly old-fashioned decency and honor.

"Oddly," because "the angels who presided o'er his birth," as he readily admits, were literary Modernism and Marxism, though the former, and strong-

er, influence turns out on closer inspection to have a distinctly conservative and traditional ballast and meaning. Born the child of pathetically poor and unsuccessful Russian-Jewish immigrants, Phillips grew up in the New York of the Twenties and Thirties, a city which for him, and for many others of similar background, "acquired the qualities of a nation; it was not only the homeland; it took the place of the rest of the world." Yet City College provided access for him—as for so many others before it was destroyed—to the life of the mind and the world of literature, a world in which Phillips confesses he has largely remained. Despite the Depression and the Marxianization of the New York intellectual life in which he lived, Phillips's loyalties remained essentially with the "modern masters" he first read in the Twenties—to Dostoyevsky, Proust, Mann, Joyce, and Kafka, surely; but especially to T. S. Eliot and his idea of literary and cultural canon and tradition. "Eliot's conception of the relation of tradition to individual talent," Phillips writes, "actually defined the prevailing assumption about the relation between the two; for while original work, according to Eliot, modified the tradition, it did not destroy it." However, he continues, "beginning with the Forties, there has been a steady decentralization of art and an erosion of the very idea of tradition itself."

If anyone should know, Phillips should. Under his guidance *Partisan Review* attempted to remain open to the new while not being enthralled by it. Among the people it published were Wallace Stevens, Edmund Wilson, Li-



onel Trilling, Clement Greenberg, Saul Bellow, Flannery O'Connor, and Robert Lowell, as well as Europeans such as Sartre, Camus, Orwell, and Koestler. Yet by the Sixties Phillips had come to feel "assaulted not only by the contempt for the past on the part of the new radicals, but by the cultural fragmentation that made tradition look like an outdated custom." He goes on to argue that "the notion of novelty" was itself "elevated into a value" (what Christopher Booker called *neophilia*). "To resist in any way the artistic and intellectual nonsense that was flooding the market and being celebrated by the media was dismissed as a sign of reaction."

Phillips has a fine ear for the cant he calls "the common style of aesthetic mystification," and he documents his detestation for the "use of the idea of pluralism to destroy traditional standards and to justify all new adventures in the arts" (in politics too for that matter): what Raymond Aron in a lapidary phrase called "aesthetic nihilism." Phillips is capable of stinging, exact, and memorable formulation and phrasing, as when he writes about "the perverse and decadent complexities that we identify with modern culture" and about our "chaotic times that constantly wipe out traditional standards of behavior." These he largely ascribes, like his friend and colleague Daniel Bell in *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*, to the "chaos of the marketplace" and its libertine and Social Darwinist ethic of "self-aggrandizement," which, he argues, has "produced the anarchy neoconservatives lament."

Socialist though this analysis sounds, Phillips is a dogged and unrepentant anti-Communist, one of a noble breed of old-line radical anti-Communists that includes Sidney Hook, Daniel Bell, Irving Howe, and, in some ways, Lionel Trilling, all of whom forded the "fiery brook" of Marxism and remained permanently affected but also deepened by the experience.

Some of the most valuable parts of the book show Phillips as a witness against Stalinism and fellow-traveling, and against the revisionism that would deny or whitewash them, especially as represented by Lillian Hellman's self-serving memoirs and Garry Wills's propaganda journalism, and "the current tendency on the Left to denigrate any concern with American national interest and security as reac-

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| ☐ Arabic | ☐ Hebrew (Modern) | ☐ Polish |
| ☐ Chinese | ☐ Hindi | ☐ Portuguese |
| ☐ Danish | ☐ Indonesian | ☐ Russian |
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tionary." The durability and doggedness of Phillips's convictions about both free speech and truth are frequently evident, as when he talks about pro-Communist censorship at *The Nation* in the late Thirties, or when he writes: "McCarthyism has not suffered from lack of publicity, but the other side of the equation, the vilification and persecution of anti-Communist liberals and radicals by the Communists, has been played down."

As in the case of Daniel Bell, what remains of Phillips's radicalism is his position, oddly echoing Burke and Eliot, against laissez-faire materialism, smugness, greed, and careerism; against libertarian hedonism; against complete faith in the vulgar "democracy" of the market; and against the inadequacy and ultimacy of "market outcomes," especially in the cultural and moral spheres, where he sees them as embodying and promoting nihilism. And indeed much of our contemporary commercial wasteland and pornotopia ought equally to give distress and cause for thought to the conservative, aware of the richness and integrity of traditional visions and landscapes—physical, philosophical, religious, literary, artistic, architectural, even commercial—a richness that properly inspired the Gothic Revival as well as the achievements of writers such as Tennyson, Chesterton, Eliot, C. S. Lewis, and Solzhenitsyn.

Finally, Phillips is an opponent of barbarism and "the chaos of modern life," whether these derive internally from radical ideology and nihilistic libertarian hedonism, or externally from authoritarianism and totalitarianism. No cheers, then, for socialism or Communism; but only one cheer for capitalism.

Of many good things in this rich and honest memoir, one haunted this reader. Arguing against Norman Podhoretz's turn to neoconservatism, Phillips writes that Podhoretz's recent ar-

gument "has been that America is losing its will to defend not only its values but its very existence. In the larger perspectives of history, this may well be true. . . ." What an admission! □

SOUTHERN EXPOSURES

J. O. Tate

Tell about the South: The Southern Rage to Explain, by Fred Hobson
Louisiana, 391 pp., cloth, \$35; paper, \$12.95

The Percys of Mississippi: Politics and Literature in the New South, by Lewis Baker
Louisiana, 237 pp., \$20

THESE TWO VOLUMES, both splendidly written, and worthily produced by the same press, are likely to find readers outside of the specific audience for which they were, perhaps, intended. These studies of Southern culture suggest so much about American literature and history that they should find readers who have no particular interest in Dixie, not least because of the fascinating stories they tell of extraordinary lives and memorable individuals, rendered in the most concrete terms.

Professor Hobson, of the University of Alabama, has the broader field of fire. As he says, "Henry Adams once wrote that the South has no mind, but in fact it has had many minds, and nowhere is its diversity illustrated better than by the subjects of this book." Dividing the 14 Southerners whom he emphasizes (not without citing many others) into a "school of remembrance" and a "school of shame and guilt," Hobson begins by showing us the fire-eating Edmund Ruffin, whose fictional *Anticipations of the Future: To Serve as Lessons for the Present Time* (1860) prophesied a Civil War won by the South. Ruffin was later reputed to have touched off the first shot at Fort Sumter; in 1865, he turned a gun on himself. Hobson shows us Hinton Helper, author of the notorious *Impending Crisis* (1857), who committed suicide in 1909, and corrects Edmund Wilson's errors about Helper in *Patriotic Gore* (1960). His portrayal of the Reverend Robert Lewis Dabney (once chief of staff to Stonewall Jackson) ends in a pathos bordering on a painful absurdity:

In 1887 he had stated his creed for the last time in a book, *Sensualistic Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century*, in which he had attacked various manifestations of modernism. For the next ten years, blind and suffering, he continued to preach that creed. He continued, as well, to rage against whatever and whomever [*sic*] offended him—against the University of Texas, in which he had made enemies and which demanded his resignation in 1894; against Union Seminary, which angered him in 1895 by moving to Richmond; and most of all against the Yankees. Until the end he traveled and spoke, continuing to be, as he urged the postbellum Southerner to be, a good hater. . . . He had lived long enough: The year of his death [1898] Southern soldiers once again wore blue and fought for the Union.

Dabney's opposite number is George Washington Cable, whose fictions and addresses were to drive him out of the South and finally into the mode of Romance. The realities of race, in his time, could not be addressed.

Another contrasting pair is the "cousins," the nostalgic Thomas Nelson Page of Virginia, who is however revealed to have been more critical of the South than readers of such works as "Marse Chan" would expect, and Walter Hines Page of North Carolina, a progressive apostle of the New South, who is represented as a Southern-style Ben Franklin.

In setting the poet Donald Davidson of Nashville against the sociologist Howard W. Odum of Chapel Hill, Hobson wishes to demonstrate that the South has not a single tradition but countervailing traditions. Yet in doing justice to Odum, he may have done less than justice to Davidson.

Perhaps the best chapter in this book is the one setting William Alexander Percy (*Lanterns on the Levee*, 1941) against W. J. Cash (*The Mind of the South*, 1941). Analyzing the descent and assumptions of these disparate individuals, and the styles and merits of their books, Hobson leads us to see clearly the meanings of two of the very finest essays ever penned about the South. He sees the aristocratic, elegiac Percy as the author of what we might think of as a Southern *Education of Henry Adams*. He sees Cash as

another of those Southerners, like Ruffin and Helper, Dabney and Davidson, for whom telling about the South became not simply professional obligation but compulsion. His book was true in the



Gentlemen:

This isn't a letter to the editor, I just wanted to tell you that National Review has been a surprise to me. I got my first copy on a newsstand when I saw Solzhenitsyn's name on the cover. I was only vaguely aware of what National Review was because I read Bill Buckley but of course I knew Solzhenitsyn, and his speech in that issue [The Templeton Address, NR July 27 --Ed.] was great. Then I read your article on Walter Mondale and I thought that was pretty good too. Anyway I ended up reading the whole thing and subscribing. Now I wish I had known about it before because you really do have a different point of view from my usual stuff. I admit I don't agree with it all, but it is different and I like the funny items and appreciate the Buckley columns which I don't see very often anymore in the [Washington] Post (and when they do run them they look like they're only about half as long as yours anyway). Just thought I'd let you know that you're doing a good job, at least for a reader who spends most of his days glazed-eyed over government documents.

B. Tobin
Washington, D. C.

We'll admit we don't get many letters like the above—nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly like we would ourselves—still, he makes a great point: NR is different, and it's well worth getting regularly. So if you don't yet have your own personal subscription, why not use the card facing this page now? It will bring you the next 15 valuable issues for just \$14.95 (saving you a full \$7.55 over the newsstand price). And now is the best time to have NR—with the '84 presidential battles already in full swing, you shouldn't miss a single installment of NR's unique reporting and inside information. So fill out and mail the card facing this page right now (before you get distracted). You'll be glad you did—and so, of course, will we—many thanks!

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RANDOM NOTES

□ **LAST MARCH TITLES:** In *All Stalin's Men* (Doubleday, \$14.95) Roy Medvedev describes the careers of Molotov, Mikoyan, Voroshilov, Malenkov, Suslov, and Kaganovich—monsters who, having survived the Stalinist era, went on to prosper or fall under Khrushchev and Brezhnev.

Loyalties (Harcourt Brace, \$9.95), by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, consists of three essays—on the Senate's approval of the MX missile (which Moynihan voted against); on Zionism as "racism" and the West's failure of nerve in combatting ideological assaults; and on the U.S. invasion of Grenada, which he deplors as a violation of international law—sadly illustrative of the distance the Senator has traveled toward unembarrassed opportunism. . . . Amitai Etzioni takes on the political-action committees, which he believes to be destructive of the democratic process, in *Cap-*

ital Corruption: The New Attack on American Democracy (Harcourt Brace, \$14.95).

□ **COMING IN APRIL:** In *The American Economy We Need—But Won't Get from the Republicans or the Democrats* (Athenum, \$14.95) John B. Anderson argues: "We need a new national unity. We need a new politics. We need a new economics." Same old John B. Anderson, though. . . . Frederick F. Siegel's thesis in *Troubled Journey: From Pearl Harbor to Ronald Reagan* (Hill & Wang, \$17.95; paper, \$7.25) is that since 1941 American politics has been a political and cultural war between the heirs of the New Deal and its enemies. He believes that the focus of the conflict is destined to change as new economic forces alter our society.

Present Perspectives: Critical Writings (Knopf, \$18.95) is a collection of essays and book reviews by Robert Craft on Wagner, Schoenberg, Vivaldi, Boulez, Waugh, etc., etc., culled mostly from *The New York Review of Books*. —CW

same way *I'll Take My Stand* was true, and just as *I'll Take My Stand* cannot be approached as good economics and sociology, *The Mind of the South* cannot be approached as good history. It contains, rather, a personal truth, an imaginative truth, charged with the power and the integrity of the individual vision.

Additionally, in this chapter we note two more suicides: that of Clarence Cason (*90° in the Shade*, 1935) and of Cash himself.

Continuing his dialectical approach, Hobson contrasts Richard Weaver's *The Southern Tradition at Bay* (post., 1968) with the "Freudian" analysis of the South in Lillian Smith's *Killers of the Dream* (1949). Finally, the synthesis of the two schools of remembrance and guilt finds its expression in the person and the work of James McBride Dabbs (*Who Speaks for the South?*, 1964, and *Haunted by God*, 1972) and also in the process of history.

As for the rest of Dixie, its compelling sin by the year 1980 had become not racism but excessive public relations, and that sin hardly aroused the same sort of impassioned feelings that Jim Crow laws and lynching parties had. The rise of the Sunbelt was replete with many contradictions and ironies, only one of which was that the South, which had always regarded leisure more highly than business, came to make a business out of leisure. With the new image, in any case, came a new version of the superior South, not so much the South as redemptive

spiritual community, as it had been to Fitzhugh and Dabney and Davidson and Weaver, but a South whose superiority rested on material advantage—new, shining cities, amusement complexes, and real-estate booms. If Weaver had lived to see it, he would have questioned, rightly so, whether the new superior South, confident and optimistic, possessed the discipline and integrity of the old.

Taking in scores of books by many authors, Hobson offers not the eponymous choice but a freewheeling and eloquent survey, undoubtedly one that will be read and disputed and quoted and consulted for years.

Professor Hobson's treatment of William Alexander Percy and, by extension, of that gentleman's father, Senator LeRoy Percy, and of his adoptive son, the novelist Walker Percy, points toward Professor Baker's book about that prominent family. Unlike Hobson—though both are loaded for bear—Baker prefers the penetration of the rifle to the spread of the shotgun. His profiles of the Percys amount not only to a portrait of a family and a picture of a place (the Mississippi delta and the town of Greenville) but to an embodied representation of aristocracy in action and in seclusion. The gallery that Baker directs us through extends its dimensions in time from the eighteenth century through the evolution of generations; the particulars of the narrative are united through the attitudes that have sustained the Percys.

Today's reader is likely to approach the Percys and their story backwards; that is to say, he is most likely to see them as a background of the fictions and other writings of Walker Percy. Certainly, *The Moviegoer* and *The Last Gentleman* are far from being an inappropriate ground for approach. But Professor Baker prefers the historical sequence, and as he arranges and articulates it, chronology yields an abundance of meaning. Based in part on the recent discovery of 8,600 items of Percy papers and other materials, this book's authority derives nonetheless as much from understanding as from knowledge.

Professor Baker takes us through the story of the first Percys and of Colonel William Alexander Percy, a planter, lawyer, Confederate officer, and Reconstruction-era politician who played a role not unlike that of Colonel Sartoris in Faulkner's *The Unvanquished*. At his death in 1888, Colonel Percy bequeathed to his son LeRoy a role: that of patriarch. LeRoy Percy accepted his responsibility and its local focus. He was, like his father, determined to protect the delta, which meant promoting funding for the levees and shielding the black population from such demagogues as Vardaman and Bilbo, not to mention the Klan. Senator Percy was a forthright man of action and a striking example of nineteenth-century strength lingering into modern times. His courage, shrewdness, and noble simplicity make him a notably attractive exemplar of leadership. Where would we find his like today?

In the Klan fight, LeRoy was on his home ground. Delta folks listened to LeRoy because they thought he was the smartest man in the county. LeRoy told them what they should do because he thought he was the smartest man in the county and considered it his duty to lead. . . . Advising and leading people who trusted him because of his long record of service to the Delta, he saved them from a threat to their distinctive way of life—a way of life he had shared with them for 63 years.

The stories that Lewis Baker tells are hair-raising and utterly idiomatic, and if today we are not entirely sympathetic to the mode of paternalism exemplified by the old Percy style, then neither do we have—we must realize—the benefit of it.

LeRoy's son Will did not inherit his father's vigor. A bachelor and a poet,

he nevertheless accepted by degrees a mantle of obligation, and served his community in many ways. His patrician stoicism sustained him to the end, by which time he had written *Lanterns on the Levee* and had been a father to his adopted sons, one of whom has become a respected writer whose "diagnostic" novels transcend stoicism in their vision of an existential Christianity.

It is a pleasure to read of Senator Percy, who read *Ivanhoe* once a year, and of Will and Walker Percy's pursuit of "the good life": "Following Will's advice, [Walker] entered the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. Will, who had gone to the Harvard Law School because it was near the Boston Symphony, recommended Columbia to Walker because it was near the Metropolitan Opera." Indeed, it is a pleasure to read Professor Baker's book altogether, because his sense of humor is tuned to that of the family he describes; because he is, like members of that family, an accomplished teller of tales; and because his study makes real sundry words that are routinely floated like so many soap bubbles: *Community* and *aristocrat* and *stoic* and *tradition* come to have a certain weight, as he makes them, in the context he establishes, substantial entities. Readers of Will Percy's memoirs and Walker Percy's novels will no doubt wish to consult Lewis Baker, and they will get more than they bargained for, because the coherence, the color, and the drama of Baker's narrative recommend it to any alert reader. □

THE WEATHER IN IRELAND

Herbert A. Kenny

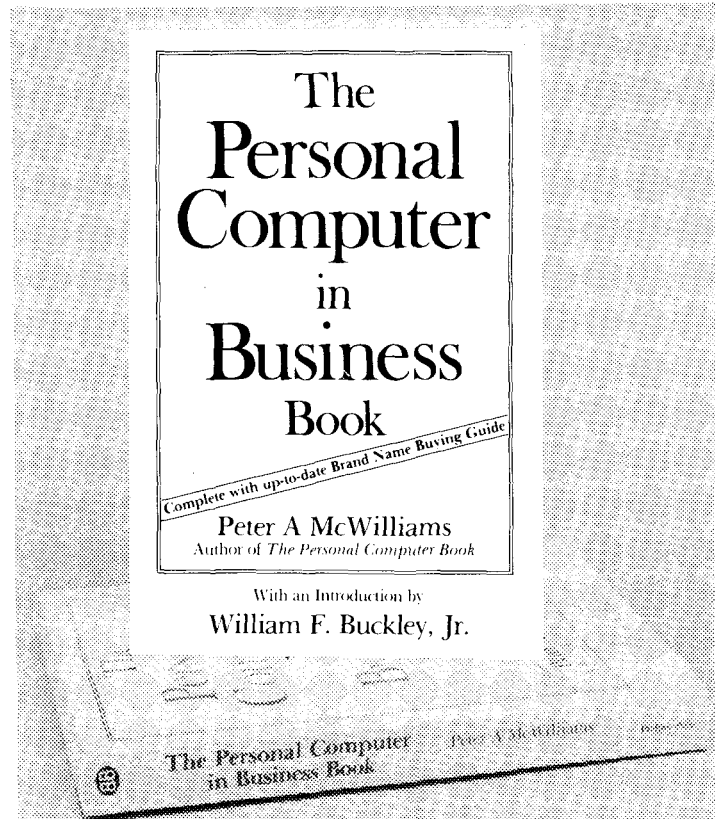
Up in the Park: The Diary of the Wife of an American Ambassador to Ireland, 1977-1981, by Elizabeth Shannon
Atheneum, 358 pp., \$17.95

IF THERE is a literature of diplomats' wives I am not familiar with it; but if it could maintain the quality of this report—with its vivid detail, its wit, its sensitivity, and its empathic feeling for Ireland and its people, all presented in lively literary style—there should be.

When William V. Shannon, a political

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**—William F. Buckley, Jr.
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columnist for the *New York Times*, was named ambassador to Ireland by President Carter, his wife, Elizabeth Shannon, vowed, "I will play my role with energy and try to leave my mark. I will not leave Ireland known merely as the Ambassador's wife." With this book she has accomplished her aim.

Before he left for Ireland, Ambassador Shannon was told by President Carter not to hide himself in the embassy but to move about the country and meet the people. The instruction was unnecessary but welcome. Together the Shannons drove throughout the Republic as he opened festivals and addressed groups in remote areas. When she was not with him, Mrs. Shannon made forays of her own, meanwhile managing three school-age sons and a domestic staff (the latter a form of administration entirely new to her), marshaling hundreds of guests through cocktail parties and dinners, appearing at diplomatic functions, and acting as a tour guide for American visitors, then hustling off to listen to debates in the Dáil or join the Women's Political Association in intimate discussions. It was thanks to her reportorial background that she was able, amidst such distractions, to remember detail and to record it in the late hours of exhausting days.

Her love of Ireland and its people runs sufficiently deep that Mrs. Shannon is able to voice her criticisms without offending. She is annoyed by the presence of corporal punishment in the schools, acknowledges that the telephone service in Ireland "would curdle a mother's milk," and is outraged by teenage drinking. Tragically, she says, in Ireland "to be masculine is to be drunk." The status of women in

Ireland bothers her. "The women of Ireland," she writes,

play into the roles created for them by their menfolk. Far too many of them are passive, loving, hard-working creatures, serving the physical needs of husband, family, and home, not giving themselves the opportunity to enrich their lives outside their homes, not feeling secure enough to have an opinion on matters outside the domestic sphere, not taking the trouble to inform themselves about issues that directly affect their lives: political issues, economic policy, farm policy, education, religion. Too often they leave it to their men, and the men are happy to be their caretakers.

Indeed, some of the injustices in the country are all too obvious. There is no divorce, for example: Even men and women whose marriages have been annulled by the tribunals of the Catholic Church (declaring there was no marriage in the first place) still cannot be divorced under secular law.

It is not only that Mrs. Shannon has written with charm about her four years in a unique position, and taken advantage of every opportunity to meet people and go places; she has also read deeply and tried hard to understand. Her pages are studded with sociological facts; in brief, she did her homework.

Many commentators on the Irish scene would be happy to have said of them what former Prime Minister Jack Lynch said of this book: "After four years' residence in Ireland Elizabeth Shannon has brought back to the U.S. an in-depth knowledge of our country, perhaps deeper than that of many of us who have lived here all our lives." And has done so, it may be added, with high good humor. □

CHIMP SEXISM

Joseph Sobran

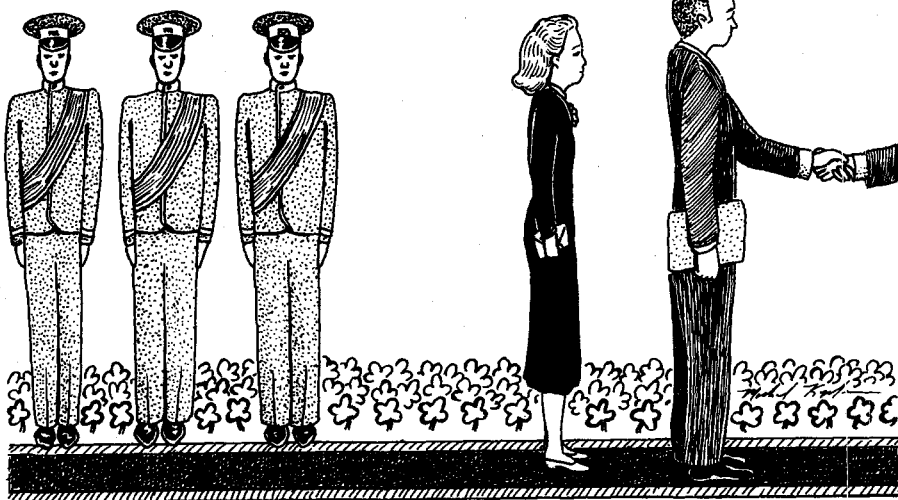
Girls & Boys: The Limits of Nonsexist Childrearing, by Sara Bonnett Stein
Scribner's, 208 pp., \$13.95

SARA BONNETT STEIN loves what she observes, she observes with imagination, and she writes with grace. The result is a book as warm as it is intelligent: *Girls & Boys: The Limits of Nonsexist Childrearing*.

The title may suggest at least a residue of feminist ideology, and I confess to squirming at the phrase "chimpanzee sexism" in an early chapter. Chesterton defined a feminist as "one who dislikes the chief feminine characteristics," but that doesn't fit Mrs. Stein at all. She clearly likes and appreciates both sexes and their distinctive traits. Far from casting a censorious eye on the chimps, she looks to their behavior for intimations about ourselves; as Richard Weaver might put it, she cherishes some aspects of the world as it is, and is therefore spiritually qualified to suggest reforms.

The main reform she has in mind is that we stop and look at what children really are. Boys don't need to be subjected to John Wayne movies in order to have a zesty aspiration to masculinity; little girls quite spontaneously prefer playing with dolls to playing with toy trucks. It is the typical feminist, not the normal parent, who wants to inflict gender propaganda on little children. If sex roles were simply the result of parental teaching, then we would expect to find the children of negligent people markedly less masculine or feminine than other people; and this is not the case.

Sex roles, Mrs. Stein contends, have biological bases. These assert themselves even in infancy: Boy and girl babies respond differently to being picked up and held by Mama. Boys are more demanding and harder to soothe. Preschool boys cry *more* than girls, and this seems to express not greater sensitivity but more aggression and a lower threshold of frustration. Boys band together in different ways once they reach school: They need peer approval from their own sex more than girls do, and they form activities in which they can simultaneously compete and cooperate. Boys play marbles, girls play



is wisdom, and Mrs. Stein has it in spades. I hope everyone reads this book, especially my daughters. □

FILM

FUSTIAN

John Simon

THERE ARE very serious problems with *Silkwood*. As I keep having to say, you shouldn't make biographical films about contemporary persons unless you know the facts and are in a position to tell them. This, however, is very rarely the case, and the films fall on their behinds between fact and fiction. Individuals from the distant past are fair game: The filmmaker can tell the known facts and then conjecture away to his heart's content. What about Karen Silkwood, though, the young woman from Texas who worked in a Kerr-McGee nuclear-fuel plant in Oklahoma, led a fairly loose life, became politicized and a labor-union spy, exposed laxnesses in the plant's safety procedures, and was allegedly about to make some tremendous revelations to a *New York Times* reporter whom she was driving to meet when her car went off the road and she died? It was 1974, and Karen was 28. Was it an accident or murder?

Though I haven't followed the case closely, this much is clear: We don't know what really happened, and probably never shall, but the available evidence suggests that Karen Silkwood had no sensational documents, and that it is unlikely that she met with foul play. Which is not to say that management wasn't remiss, that Karen (having become contaminated) would not eventually have died of lung cancer, and that it was mere coincidence that the Kerr-McGee facility in Crescent, Oklahoma, shut down a year later. But there just isn't enough hard evidence; so the writers, Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen, and the director, Mike Nichols, were forced to hint, waffle, and contradict themselves into a haze of innuendos, discrepancies, and, occasionally, total opacity.

Vital plot elements are missing because the filmmakers don't know much about the lives with which they are dealing, and because they desperately want management to appear guilty of

murder, local labor repressed and slow to move, the heroine as nearly as possible a wayward saint and martyr—and all this without libel suits or charges of sentimental gloss. Thus the filmmakers had to walk on eggshells—if not, indeed, on water, for carrying off *Silkwood* would have required not so much delicacy as a miracle.

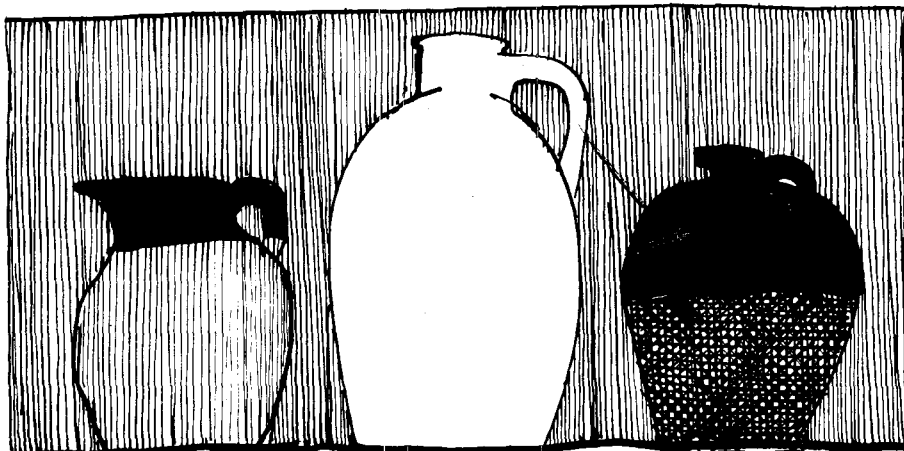
As things are, we never learn how, or by whom, Karen gets “cooked” on three ever more fateful occasions, why her house has to be stripped down to its skeleton, and why she hasn't more seriously contaminated her two housemates: Drew, her lover who also works at the plant, and Dolly, another co-worker and a lesbian hopelessly in love with her. The film equivocates fearfully on any number of subjects, e.g., what concrete proof Karen had of criminally covered-up imperfections in the product that might cause millions of deaths, and what really caused her own demise. Needless to say, the Kerr-McGee supervisors are presented as gross-looking lechers and exploiters if not actual killers, to which end they are given postures and expressions of advanced obtuseness, hypocrisy, or brutality, but without ever quite saying or doing the things that go with their stances. They emerge rather like filmed high-jumpers caught foolishly straining in mid-air by a freeze frame.

That, of course, leaves the “human” story of Karen; her three children whom she loves but left in Texas with the common-law husband she divorced; her fast living with various (mostly implied) men, booze, minor drugs; her relations with the sexually and convivially satisfying but morally and intellectually sluggish Drew, who wants to own a garage, marry her, and make her future even duller than her present;

her tensions with Dolly, either because her own sex life disturbs the yearning lesbian, or because Dolly moves in a mistress—the feisty but crass Angela, who verbally spars with Drew; her friendships and hostilities, her flirtatiousness and occasional slapdashness at work. Karen is a sort of Carmen at a plant more dangerous to her lungs than the cigarette factory was to the fiery gypsy's, until her nascent passion for union work, partly sparked by an affair with Paul, a union organizer, causes a rupture with Drew. And so on, through a reconciliation with her longtime lover up to the monumentally muzzy end.

Some aspects of this personal story are well enough developed, and scenes of the harrowing showers and scrub-downs given contaminated workers—not so unlike the flaying of Christian martyrs—are well directed and powerful. Yet in this area, too, there is trouble. Why does the otherwise sensible Angela make up her lover, Dolly—but not herself—the way she does her corpses? Why are we led to believe that Dolly ratted on Karen to the authorities—a curious plot development that is then feebly denied and left hanging? Above all, why is Meryl Streep allowed to play Karen as a sophisticated, middle-class New York neurotic with Woody-Allen-movie mannerisms, rather than as a believable Texas blue-collar worker?

This last is enough to cast doubt on any integrity the film might have. Miss Streep has developed—and overdeveloped—an acting style in which one clean gesture is never as good as three fussy ones. So a monosyllabic answer to a simple question is executed with 1) a turn of the head to profile enhanced with a Gioconda smile, 2) a



STUART LEEDS

return of the face camera-ward, with many tiny nervous nods, and 3) a sharp intake of breath, followed by the answer with a quaint catch in the voice. A cigarette is lit in the fruitiest Bette Davis manner, but Miss Davis was playing megalopolitan crazies, not basically sound hinterlanders. The entire performance seems to be carried out visually in a hall of mirrors and aurally in an Alpine valley famous for its multiple echo. To change tropes, there is a kernel of true feeling, but several layers of smug incrustation need to be scraped off it.

And then there is the question of the dialogue. The co-scenarists, two slick Eastern women writers, do not convince me they know how Oklahoma workers speak—or, for that matter, behave. There are moments, to be sure, when the conversation is tangy and unforced, but rather more when it sounds too clever and contrived; at other times, perfect banalities are delivered with a portentousness befitting Greek tragedy. There are such improbable bits as Drew's Hollywoodish parting from Karen and his ghostly return to their house after it has been gutted by the decontaminators, and a night scene on the porch wherein Karen and Dolly express their incommensurable loves for each other that ends with a sort of *pietà* from which the camera withdraws into a heart-wringing long shot. But the director's competence is not fully compromised until the final scene, in which Miss Streep drives to her death while her voice, endlessly and even posthumously, keeps singing "Amazing Grace" on the soundtrack—the cliché of clichés. Yet the supporting roles are all well taken, and Miroslav Ondříček's cinematography is fraught with hard-earned beauty even in humdrum or squalid surroundings. *Silkwood* is not a bad film, perhaps; merely an untrustworthy one, which may be worse.

THE DRESSER is one of those rare cases where a movie version, in this case Ronald Harwood's adaptation of his own undistinguished play, is better than the stage original. Dealing with the terminal day in the life of the last of the British touring actor-managers—a character modeled largely on Donald Wolfit, for whom Harwood once worked—it is an effective quadruple testimonial. It praises, first, the half-mad, half-inspired actor, an infuriating

despot somehow awesome despite his senescent hamminess and loss of memory, here called simply Sir. It celebrates, second, his fluttery, florid, clucking overprotective homosexual dresser, Norman, without whose brooding-hen devotion neither Sir nor his company could go on—either the stage, or from one town to the next. Third, it is a tribute to the theater, which, even at its seediest and grimmest, manages to surpass itself and bring joy to the needy. Finally, it is a testimonial to Britain in World War II, when casts performed and audiences sat unruffled while bombs fell all around.

The film has two advantages over the play. It fleshes out some minor

characters, notably the dour but efficient stage manager secretly in love with Sir (superbly played by Eileen Atkins); and it can provide glimpses, or even vignettes, of the audience, as when a man in uniform, his head bandaged, weeps during an intermission of *Lear*, while his civilian companion pats and consoles him with, "It's only a play!" Unfortunately, however, it does "open up" the stage play in two scenes neither of which quite works, and there is in Peter Yates's otherwise good direction a tendency to hystericize the manic relationship between Norman and Sir still further into convulsiveness by means of grotesque camera angles and distortions.

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89 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.

But Tom Courtenay, even goaded beyond the camera's tolerance for histrionics, remains a marvelous Norman; Albert Finney has some splendid moments, although he does not help us distinguish the abhorrent from the admirable in Sir. Also, Finney indulges himself in clever takeoffs on Olivier, Gielgud, and Richardson, instead of sticking to Wolfitt's sui generis blend of the powerful and the repellent. Here too, however, the supporting cast is excellent, and *The Dresser*, coming on the heels of a batch of flops, very nearly redresses the balance. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE CIGARETTE GAME

D. Keith Mano

BIC is involved in a legitimate—and quite substantial—cigarette wholesaling business. Don't ask me anything else about him, thank you.

DKM: You told me that, back five or six years ago, 52 per cent of cigarettes sold in New York City were bootlegged from North or South Carolina.

Bic: Sure. Once upon a recent time somebody offered me fifty thousand cartons of nontaxed cigarettes per week—or as much as I could handle. They'd come in truck containers out of the airport. Every international airport gets nontaxed cigarettes for export purposes.

DKM: Is it easy to get them?

Bic: Even you could do it. You take a car down to North Carolina. You drive ten miles past the border. There's a warehouse. You flash your lights twice, you beep your horn twice, and the door opens. Just like in Prohibition days. The warehouse is a legal distributor. Between the trunk and the back seat you can bring up 1,200 cartons. Six years ago you were working on a buck fifty profit per carton. That's \$1,800, tax free.

DKM: But things have changed somewhat since then. Bootlegging has been made a federal crime. What's the percentage of bootleg cigarettes in New York City today?

Bic: I'd guess 20 to 25 per cent. And we can live with that.

DKM: Who distributes them? Mom-and-pop candy stores?

Bic: Not as a rule. They're afraid of being busted. Forged tax stamps won't pass. If one of my customers is being beaten out by an illegal dealer across the street, well, I'll drop a dime on the illegal dealer. I'll call a state inspector anonymously. No, the best place to distribute bootleg cigarettes is through beauty parlors. They do a tremendous business.

DKM: Beauty parlors? I've got to get my hair done. But your business is entirely with legal cigarettes?

Bic: Uh-huh. We have cigarettes shipped in from manufacturers. We buy tax stamps from a bank—you have to have a license—and we distribute them from there. Our problem is with price fixing.

DKM: How?

Bic: New Jersey and Connecticut have legal price fixing. In New York they haven't been able to pass the law. So you work on nothing or maybe ten cents a carton profit. If you don't do enormous volume, you're in and out of this business in six months. There are no more than 12 big distributors in New York now. Five years ago there were 75. The business is so cutthroat it forces the weak companies into bootlegging or forging tax stamps. [Laughs.] We try to keep the state tax authorities well informed of any bad business practices our competitors are into.

DKM: But there is price fixing.

Bic: Got a cigarette? Thanks. For instance, in the month of October all the wholesalers had union situations and raised their price 25 cents a carton minimum. It lasted six weeks, then it broke. One wholesaler cut the price, then the next one. For the time it works it's like a windfall profit. You think a minute: a quarter a carton profit on 100,000 cartons a week.

DKM: And the government winks at price fixing?

Bic: Hell, no. Four years ago there were indictments involving a number

of wholesalers. They paid very stiff fines. Fortunately no one went to jail. A cigarette wholesaler isn't good prison material.

DKM: What happens in New Jersey?

Bic: It's better. But they pay under the table. You get your customer that's buying ten, fifteen thousand dollars' worth a week, he's going to look for the guy who'll make a cash kickback.

DKM: Is the mob involved in the legal or the illegal end?

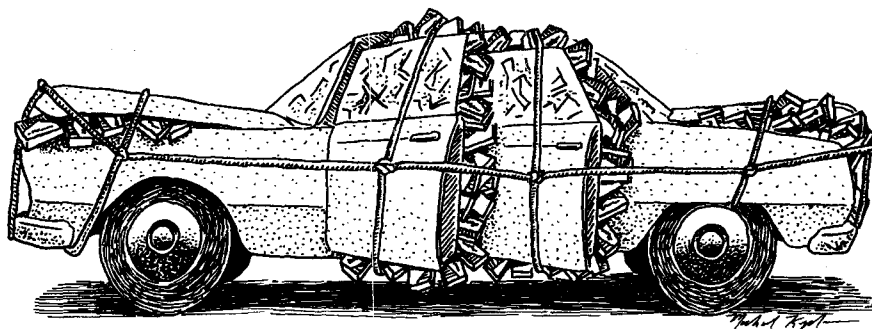
Bic: Both. But mostly illegal. Five years ago, before bootlegging became a federal crime, they owned legal businesses and maybe they also counterfeited tax stamps. Now, well, they run trucking businesses. They come up from North Carolina with a load of vegetables and the vegetable is tobacco. Between New York City and New York State you have taxes of \$3.10 on every carton. You realize what kind of room for profit you have there?

DKM: Are people still smoking as much?

Bic: Despite all the reports from the surgeon general, despite all the anti-smoking campaigns, cigarette sales increase annually. It's new smokers, young smokers coming into the market. Additional smoking by the existing smokers. When the economy is bad, smoking increases. It's a stress-related habit.

DKM: Doesn't the huge tax increase bootlegging?

Bic: Of course. If the tax were lower, the profit margin on illegal shipments would be lower. But the last state increase was 60 cents a carton. They lose in volume but they make up for it with a large increase. The happiest day of my life would be when the North Carolina manufacturers distributed their own cigarettes. I make my profit on candy, tobacco, sundries. But my customers want me to service them totally, so I have to carry cigarettes.



DKM: If you were running New York State, what would you do?

Bic: Put an auditor in every mom-and-pop store for two weeks, clock their volume. I'm just talking about sales tax, not income tax. One hundred per cent of retail business is cash.

DKM: Wouldn't that be too expensive?

Bic: Are you kidding? Take a 24-hour newsstand. They do a gross business of \$25,000 a week and net about 20 per cent of that. On a quarterly basis, *quarterly*, they'll show \$8,000 worth of sales. Think about it. That store is doing \$100,000 a month, \$300,000 a quarter, so they're avoiding sales tax on roughly \$290,000 per quarter at 8.25 per cent. The state would be so rich they could go on until 3,000,000 A.D. But you're dealing with politicians, and they're not street-wise.

DKM: But doesn't this all come up because the sales tax is ridiculously high to start with?

Bic: Of course. It's a joke. One per cent of real gross sales would yield ten times more. And cut out the illegalities. But, like I said, you're dealing with politicians.

DKM: Want another cigarette?

Bic: Yeah. I think I'm feeling some stress. Aren't you? ☐

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Celebrant, by Charles Turner (Servant Publications, 144 pp., \$8.95)

YES, I rather be here than anyplace I know." W. C. Handy in his "Beale Street Blues" got down something vital about the rawer districts of Memphis; it would apply as well to an actual event that occurred at an earlier period in that city's history. This novel is based on the true story of a young Episcopal priest, Louis Schuyler, who experiences what may have been a "call" and comes to Memphis in 1878 during a yellow-fever epidemic. Once there, and against the advice of doctors, he ventures into the "deeper" neighborhoods where the pestilence is worst because "[it] was impossible to draw a line when streets were unfamiliar and somebody came for help and led the way." Mr. Turner's spare prose skillfully includes just enough vanished features of a familiar

landscape to permit the reader to enter into the scene and to explore its dimensions. The dialogue is historically specific but does not restrict the universality of the theme; when the priest comes upon a fever-ridden but alert veteran of the Devil's Den at Gettysburg and is queried, "How many did the sharpshooter get today?" he is shocked by this bitter naming of God. Louis Schuyler is young and callow and has already suffered mental breakdowns, so the hard questions others put to him, and the worse ones he turns upon himself, do make the reader wonder if he actually is in Mem-

phis on God's urging. But even as quicksilver emotions are tugging at him, Schuyler does seem to grow. And at a funeral service, reading from the Book of Common Prayer, he is seen to retain his faith as a Christian, an Episcopalian, and a priest: "Louis thanked God that words were given him now. He didn't have to pull them out of himself. He didn't have to pick through Scripture and strain for the guidance of the Spirit, didn't have to thumb here and there and fan pages at the bereaved company, didn't have to depend on prayers from the top of his head. Open in his hand was a solid

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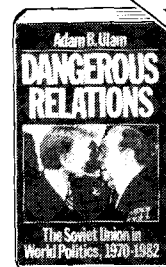
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gift of the Church—or, as he thought of it at this moment, a gift from God to the Church, for a distilled grammar of faith and practice. . . . Who could improve the Order for the Burial of the Dead?” To read Camus’s *The Plague* is to be left muttering, “Yes, but” at the bleak philosophy lowering over that tale. This novel of a plague in another city, in another time, is, ultimately, heartening. BERT CULVER

The Eight Million, by Meyer Berger (Columbia, 334 pp., \$30)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS has performed an estimable service in reissuing *The Eight Million*, originally pub-

lished in 1942 and long out of print, but not out of demand. The author, Meyer Berger, wrote for the *New York Times* from 1928 until his death in 1959, and consistently produced work that is held up as a textbook example of seemingly effortless, light daily journalism. Collected here are 45 pieces full of wonder about New York. The author writes about looking through an old leather-bound police blotter dating from 1862; gives a brief history of the city’s municipal jail, The Tombs; visits a Harlem marijuana party; and noses about a spice mill. In one piece he relates how he “caught ink fever,” and concludes: “I was to devote my life to searching out the odd fish and the

unfortunates in a city of several millions.” These included cartographers, panhandlers, gangsters, violin-makers who scavenged old buildings for appropriate material, diamond cutters, reclusive theater producers living in haunted houses, cops, and tugboat captains. Berger wrote in an almost perfect, elegiac prose about a New York that has vanished, and about a New York that will always exist—in much the same style as two of his approximate coevals, John McNulty and Joseph Mitchell, both of them also masters of the form, and both also out of print. *The Eight Million* makes for very mellow reading.

JOE MYSAK

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN ADDITION to poise, sophistication, learning, wisdom, and a clarity of style nearly aphoristic, *Idols for Destruction* (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, Tenn.; \$8.95), by Herbert Schlossberg, has a prophetic boldness carrying it beyond apologetics, beyond the multiplicity of timid attempts at offering “a Christian perspective” on what it calls “this thoroughly immoral age,” and far beyond the smug vulgarities of the Moral Majority types who are all too plainly creatures of a “civilization” they claim to abhor.

Schlossberg has taken for his model “the prophetic works of the Old Testament,” and for his text Hosea 8:4: “With their silver and gold they made idols for their own destruction.” Accepting the proposition that “any hierarchy of values constitutes a religious system,” whether its adherents recognize it to be so or not, Schlossberg argues that the modern, post-Christian West has succumbed to idols of History (historicism), Humanity (“ye shall be as gods”), Mammon (signified by the monetary inflation that has proved to be the definitive characteristic of social democracy), Nature (materialism), Power (summarized most succinctly as the refusal to render unto God what is God’s), and Religion (or what modernist churchmen call “dialogue”).

“Ecclesiastical structures,” Schlossberg says, “that depart from the faith do so by the loss of distinctiveness, the gradual conformation of their thought and life to that of the larger community.” It was so in the ancient

kingdoms of Israel and Judah, when their people gradually incorporated the religious idols and practices of their pagan neighbors into the Mosaic tradition. And, in the Old Testament, “Judgment is inseparable from idolatry. . . . Whether judgment is the virtually automatic consequence of contravening the naturally perceived realities of the world, or whether it is the divine wrath executed with purpose on those who persist in idolatry, there can be no escape from the consequences. . . . There is a sense in which judgment that issues in catastrophe is the only way for good to come, inasmuch as it entails the erasure of evil.” Although it may not be fair to Schlossberg’s subtlety and skill as an intellectual historian and critic to say it, what is perhaps most striking in his book is the total lack of self-consciousness with which he advances such statements: an unembarrassed matter-of-factness that reminds one of Flannery O’Connor. In the Christian Mystery is the only answer that makes sense.

In the early years of the Church, Christians living among Jews on the one hand and pagans on the other called themselves “the third race.” “As long as they did not think of themselves as belonging to one branch or the other of a twofold division of the world, they could truly be Christian. So it is now. Christians can be liberals if they wish, or conservatives, or radicals, but not until they unmask those false images can they fulfill their

real responsibilities.” In the battle between “liberalism” and “conservatism” Schlossberg sees only a conflict between the two opposing halves of the modern heresy: Ronald Reagan and his supply-side economics are the merely institutional opposition to Walter Mondale and his social-democratic policies. The Biblical texts are neither liberal nor conservative, “because they rest on truths that come from outside of time and stand in judgments of all societies that contravene them.”

THE OLD TESTAMENT describes a society in which only a remnant of the people remained true to their revealed faith; the New Testament, a struggling young Church whose members needed to be constantly harangued against back-sliding, yet who composed a tiny and much-persecuted minority. Perhaps, Schlossberg suggests, modern Christians are the first people in a millennium and a half who can read the collection of documents that is the Bible from the perspective from which the early Christians studied it. Modern Christians, like the ancient Jewish faithful, are indeed a remnant; like the early Christians, they are fast becoming, if not yet victims of persecution, at least an unpopular minority. Perhaps too it will be left to the Christian remnant to nurture the coals of civilization through the second Dark Ages as they did through the first. Being a Christian, he believes, is going to have a lot more excitement to it than most Christians suspect. □

Dr. Hao went on. "After the Paris negotiations, they assumed they could get anything they wanted from the Americans. All they had to do was hold out long enough. So, foolishly, they asked for reparations."

What did he not do? He never allowed himself to appear in the media supporting the Communists or criticizing Thieu. "There was a routine," Dr. Hao says. "You went to Moscow, or some other capital in the Eastern bloc, and then to Hanoi, all very well covered. They never asked me. They knew I wouldn't do it."

He did not affect Ho Chi Minh sandals. "They came to me, at the end, when it was tense, and they said, 'Why do you still dress like a Westerner?' I told them, 'If I had joined you in the jungle, I would have dressed for the jungle. You are in the city now, you should dress like city people.'"

He never wrote his autobiography. He never attended one of the neighborhood political meetings, which were held first weekly and then, when everyone was so obviously bored by them, monthly, sending his wife or, contemptuously, his servants instead. "Same old thing," he says with a shrug, "The pride. . . ." He never spoke with the local police. "I had been a deputy prime minister. And with them, you must preserve your dignity above all."

After the authorities allowed his wife and two sons to leave, in 1980, Dr. Hao made a public request to be allowed to travel to France to visit them for three months. The request was rejected. From that point on, every few months Dr. Hao asked to be allowed to leave permanently. He stopped working in 1981. He still went to the office, but he and his secretary discussed the weather and gossiped.

One day Mai Chi Tho, the chairman of the people's committee of Ho Chi Minh City, asked Hao to come to his office. Tho was exercised and did not shake hands. "Why don't you work? Why are you so arrogant?" he asked.

Hao replied, "I am only independent, straightforward. I advise you: You must let the profit motive work, the private sector. I give advice, you don't take it, what can I do?"

Hao continued, "At first, they always called the Thieu regime the 'false regime.' But after three or four years,

they began to lose face with the people. It was becoming a joke, who is false and who has a little truth? At one meeting I said, 'What do you care about my advice? I represent the false regime.' They asked me never to use the term again. From then on, it became 'the old regime.'

"The dictatorship of the proletariat . . . another joke. I'll tell you what it is. It's the dictatorship of the ignorant, of the illiterate."

On June 16, 1975, former officials of what was very recently the false regime were ordered to report for re-education. They were told to take clothing and toilet articles and food sufficient for a month, the sort of list you get in the mail in the spring before a summer at camp. "Lower officials asked to go," Hao says eight years later. "I asked if I was supposed to go. No, they said. They gave me a piece of paper. It said not that I was exempt from re-education, but that it was deferred, I could take it later. They told me: 'It is only a month; for now, we need you here.'"

Eight years later, many of those officials are still in "re-education."

WE WERE walking to the métro stop at Mairie des Lilas, I for the métro, Dr. Hao for a little shopping for the evening meal for himself and the four children. I can see the corner brasserie, the empty August Saturday streets under full daylight at seven o'clock. "I should have forced them to send me to re-education," Dr. Hao tells me, one of his few excited moments. "Now I see. You [the United States] molded us. You made us anti-Communist. You took us to the States [Hao completed a program in business development at Harvard in 1970] and taught us what we were fighting for. And we believed. It wasn't a joke. We believed, Mr. Butler. We knew. You made us—a whole country—anti-Communist. In 15 years, you changed us more than the French had in eighty. And then, at the last minute, you never said what was your intention. You washed your hands and went, secretly. We were humiliated. We were supposed to be your allies. We deserved a little respect. It was every man for himself. Oh, I wish now that I had forced them to give me the re-education. I do see now, truly: Every man for himself. And if you stay be-

hind you better suffer, or America will never believe you."

It never came to tears. He has his pride.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT has determined that this man is undesirable. Listen: "It was three or four years after the end," he says. "I asked them why they had to keep people so long in re-education. And this man said something . . . something so strange, really. He said: 'Dr. Hao, you must understand the two most beautiful things we did. In Paris, we cheated the Americans to get them out of Vietnam. Number one. Number two, here in the south, we tricked the former officers to go to the camps.'

"These were the two great achievements. The 'most beautiful.' I still get—what do you call it?—I still get goose flesh when I think of it. We never understood the Communists."

And: "I thought it might be different. I thought they might know that the south is different. The Communists would be new there, but they would have the international perspective. I thought we might become a kind of Southeast Asian Hungary. Then, when I knew I was wrong, I settled on one simple thing: I must get my children to the strongest country in the world. This country . . . this country that goes to war and does not lose—you never lost in Vietnam, you know, you simply left—and eight years later you seek the bones of your soldiers. . . ."

Late afternoon, again, in Dr. Hao's garden apartment, he and I again talking, the children well out of sight in the Asian style, but always ready to produce a coffee or tea or soft drink if called upon: "So I tell the two boys that they must study international relations. I know that they cannot become senators, the racialism. . . ."

"No," I interrupt. "None of the children can become President, constitutionally. But there is Henry Kissinger, who was foreign-born, and Senator Hayakawa—it is not quite as racist as you think. . . ."

"No," Dr. Hao says. "I just want them to learn everything about the world. The boys can become advisors, they can make a difference." The room is silent for a few moments. Then, again: "At least they're there, in the country that demands the bones of its men." □

FOR MODERATION IN OSCULATION

NEW YORK, FEB. 16

I WANT TO know one very simple thing: Why do non-totalitarian leaders embrace totalitarian leaders? By "embrace" I do not intend a metaphor, as in, "During the Second World War, President Roosevelt embraced Josef Stalin." I mean the real thing. I am staring at a picture of two men smiling at each other, their arms about each other, their noses not two inches separated. Any closer, and they'd have skirted sodomy. The caption reads: "A friendly meeting—President Fidel Castro of Cuba, right, is greeted by Prime Minister Felipe González of Spain at Madrid's airport."

We all recognize that the business of diplomacy requires inter-personal contacts, as for instance between Neville Chamberlain and Adolf Hitler in the fall of 1938. But why is it that such meetings need to communicate a personal relationship that transcends politics? Felipe González and Fidel Castro managed to look like the Smith Brothers greeting each other after receiving Nobel Prizes for their cough drops.

Now the news story reveals two interesting data. One of them is that Felipe González is something of an old friend of Castro. Most of Castro's old friends Castro has shot or imprisoned, so that one possible motive of Felipe's delight was to celebrate the fact that he is an exception. The other datum of interest is that King Juan Carlos telephoned his greetings to Castro, whose stay in Spain was for a mere four hours (he was flying back from Andropov's funeral). King Juan Carlos evidently hopes to make a state visit to Havana, one knows not why, and was evidently anxious not to be left out of the celebration of Fidel Castro's very first visit to any country in Western Europe. Always before, he has overflowed Europe en route to Moscow and the satellites. The Reuters dispatch records, "The gesture"—the royal phone call—"was a reflection of the enthusiasm in Madrid for Mr. González's action."

Why this enthusiasm? I mean, is there any reason anyone can think of why in a country in which Francisco Franco has become a dirty word because he imprisoned a dozen people every year and exercised a light political censorship of the press, Fidel Castro should be lionized? Fidel Castro, who exercises totalitarian power, imprisons priests, is an excommunicated Catholic, tortures poets, incites revolutions, protects terrorists, husbanded Soviet thermonuclear missiles: Why does a socialist democrat wish to embrace Castro?

You will say: Ah, but don't you see, it is a part of the Mediterranean style. You cannot, if Spanish blood runs through your veins, greet another leader without embracing him. To do otherwise would be to offend him.

And it is true that President Carter bussed President Brezhnev when they signed SALT II. And true that although Richard Nixon was a little more platonic in Peking that first night, he did approach individual survivors of the Cultural Revolution with sheer ardor in his eyes, a toasting glass in hand. Is this necessary to effective diplomacy?

So far as one can remember, if this is so, it is something new. There are no pictures easily recalled of President Roosevelt smooching with Josef Stalin. FDR did give Stalin a few countries, as souvenirs of their meetings, but he drew the line at a public embrace. Neville Chamberlain did not embrace Hitler (ugh!). Why did Austria's Kreisky feel the need to embrace Arafat? And anyway, in our heart of hearts, don't we know perfectly well that there isn't a leader in the world who would kiss the prime minister of South Africa—unless he were black? We know this intuitively, and our knowing it intuitively makes all the more mischievous the promiscuous bussing against which I rail. Because you see, if we acknowledge that there are some people one simply will not embrace publicly, then one acknowledges that there are moral criteria that govern these matters. And then one asks, What moral criteria are drawn so loosely that Fidel Castro should not fall within their prescriptive range? What is the use of having any criteria, if Brezhnev is not ex-

cluded by them? If the Boston strangler is a member of the club, what is the use in having an Admissions Committee?

Accordingly, herewith a proposal to be incorporated into the Republican Platform. "No American President should embrace any world leader responsible for the death and/or torture and/or imprisonment of more than 0.01 per cent of his people." For short, it can be called the Osculation Clause. □

TAX TALK

NEW YORK, FEB. 27

MY BROTHER George Will is sometimes tempted by the opportunity to commit heterodoxy, a temptation I am familiar with, though more often I am overcome by the exotic temptation to commit orthodoxy. I refer most conspicuously to his oft-quoted statement that we are an "under-taxed" nation. Of course one must make way for personal predilections: the skinny man who says we are a nation of over-eaters, the regular jogger who says we are a nation of flaccid muscle-fiber. On the other hand, it is pleasant to hear the statement made by someone who would stand to lose from its being taken seriously. Usually one hears calls for higher taxes from those who believe themselves immune from the reach of higher taxes.

During the Second World War, at a time when taxation reached as much as 90 per cent, and it was routine to expect Americans to give their lives, never mind their earnings, to the war effort, we were paying an aggregate tax of 29 per cent of our GNP. The figure today is 39 per cent.

There are those—Friedrich Hayek, for instance, whose book *The Constitution of Liberty* George Will once said he would hope American legislators would read if they were reduced to reading only a single volume—who profoundly believe that the progressive income tax is both immoral and subversive of democracy. But never mind that, for the moment. We should inquire into its useful-

ness. Although the rate of taxation grew steadily until the third of Mr. Reagan's tax clips, beginning in July of last year, the tax base did not. This is so because an estimated \$700 to \$900 billion is deployed not with reference to productivity, but with reference to tax exposure. If taxes were 25 per cent rather than 50 per cent—or indeed 70 per cent, as they were up until recently—people would agitate less to decrease their taxable income, than to increase their gross income. And this is to say nothing of the growing number of people who contrive to pay no tax at all. There is a direct correlation between high taxation and tax evasion. They speak of anywhere from \$50 to \$200 billion lost in revenue by those who prefer to run the risk of being caught in criminal activity rather than pay the cost of abiding by the law.

But of course the focus now is on the deficit, which prominent Democrats are treating like their only child. Much attention is given to any conservative who proposes more taxation, e.g., Martin Feldstein, chief economic advisor to the President, and Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker. But not enough attention was paid to testimony Chairman Volcker gave before Congress two weeks ago. "If you cannot do it on the spending side, you have got to do it on the revenue side." What he went on to say was paraphrased as follows by *Time* magazine: "Volcker said that the economy could absorb a tax increase of about \$35 billion without danger to the recovery." Thirty-five billion. And we are running a deficit of \$200 billion. Why didn't the headlines read, "VOLCKER WARNS TAX INCREASE OVER \$35 BILLION WOULD DAMAGE ECONOMY. FEDERAL RESERVE CHIEF SEES EXTRA TAXATION BRINGING ONLY 15 PER CENT RELIEF FROM DEFICIT."

Meanwhile pollsters Yankelovich, Skelly, and White reveal that the most popular form of increased taxation is on the sale of tobacco, which is okay by 77 per cent of Americans including all non-smokers. The least popular is a rise in income taxes (22 per cent). Sixty-three per cent would not object to higher taxes on business. It would be interesting to inquire how many of those 63 per cent fall also into the 44 per cent who were unaware that, under Mr. Reagan, inflation was reduced (from 12.4 to 3.8 per cent). It is a lovely paradox that almost exactly the same number (74 per cent and 72 per cent) oppose a) any reduction in Social Security programs and b) any raise in taxes.

So then where are we? Very nearly asphyxiated by all the contradictions, but

still with just enough breath left to say: If you want to solve the deficit problem, lower the top tax to 25 per cent. Then get out of the way of the avalanche of dollars that will flow in. □

EXIT ANDROPOV

NEW YORK, FEB. 12

ON THE whole, I favor frequent rather than infrequent changes of tenure by Soviet leaders. Moreover, it must be assumed that they pass on into a better world or, if not that, to a world not very much different from the one they had got used to. But the trouble with the periodic deaths of Soviet leaders is that they fertilize the most awful rash of commentary by scholars and pundits, which commentary, no matter how it gets there, always, but always, ends by saying one thing, namely that the United States has got to improve its ways.

Consider Mr. Seweryn Bialer of Columbia University. He was recently in the Soviet Union and was terribly distressed by what he calls the "incessant, agitated, and strident vilification of the United States." Terribly put off because he fears that the Soviet Union may very well go on to indulge itself by being obstreperous. What went wrong? Reagan is what went wrong, Professor Bialer says. Because Mr. Reagan's rhetoric "has badly shaken the self-esteem and patriotic pride of the Soviet political elites."

And Professor Stephen Cohen of Princeton argues that the next leader of the Soviet Union may come in committed to the cold war. Because the cold-war lobby will "finally prevail, if it has not already, largely because Soviet pro-détente arguments are in shambles." And why is that? Right. Because "Ronald Reagan, not Richard Nixon, is the real face of America. And thus, for the Soviet Union, cold war is both political virtue and eternal necessity."

Henry Kissinger has frequently warned that we have time and again permitted the Soviet Union to treat the bargaining table as a psycho-political venture. The Soviet Union generally comes to the bargaining table not to bargain, but to manipulate Western policy. For instance: The United States announces it is prepared to bargain. It goes to Geneva. The Soviet Union makes proposals that add up to unilateral Western disarmament. We reject those proposals. They call back their ambassadors to Moscow and pout. But their pout is transformed into

such instruments as Professors Bialer and Cohen and the great legions of those who feel that failure at the bargaining table is a failure of the West to comply.

It is true that Reagan speaks about the Soviet Union much as Winston Churchill used to speak about the Nazis. That is to say, he tells the truth. This is not merely self-indulgence. It is, for the leader of a democracy who is asking for almost \$300 billion per year for defense, a necessity. You see, such sacrifices as American taxpayers are asked to make do not make sense in the absence of a clear vision of what an alternative way of life, dominated by the Gulag-tenders, would be like. If the Soviet Union were simply a matter of a different way of life, a different culture, we would not need to bank all that firepower.

What is generally not recognized about Ronald Reagan is that other than the increased military budget and the disposition to say the truth about the Soviet Union in retaliation for the Soviet Union's telling falsehoods about the United States, Mr. Reagan has been a remarkably unprovocative President. He gave up on the pipeline issue. He ended the agricultural boycott. He is abiding by the SALT II treaty he denounced. He has yet to deploy the MX, to come up with the B-1, to give us the neutron bomb. He made four successive conciliatory gestures at Geneva, traveling a long way from the Zero Option, itself an enormously risky concept. He has not held the Soviet Union accountable for Syrian military extremism or for Cuban Central American expansionism, or for martial law in Poland.

Just how is it expected that the next Soviet leader will "renew the cold war"? By making more weapons? Deploying more weapons? But even the Soviet Union recognizes that at some point there is redundancy. By staying away from the negotiating table? But the purpose of the negotiating table has always been to seek out common interests, not merely Western interests. How is a legitimate Soviet interest served in a cold war by ignoring it? Will they—what? Try to overrun West Germany? But don't you see, that is what we have attempted to prevent, via the deployment of the new missiles.

This is not to say that it doesn't matter who is the successor to the KGB head. Merely to say that honeyed Western talk is designed, really, not for Soviet ears, but for Western ears; and that if we hear such talk, we are hearing evidence of the continued success of the Soviet Union in manipulating the Western will. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Chicago and Cleveland (AL) third baseman, 1923-35	19 153 16 195
B. The capital of one of the Balkan nations	26 35 121 68 187 88
C. A town in Massachusetts east of Providence, R.I.	90 122 161 40 125 179 98 189
D. A beginning in rocketry	94 20 13 112 47 57 106
E. A law	124 99 36 147 79 160 138
F. An abundance	136 175 156 48 169 126
G. False	141 69 107 14 80 158 164 61 49
H. Wicked	145 70 65 18 114 81 108 152 62
I. A county in North Carolina	39 67 93 50 58 76
J. That which compels obedience to laws	155 7 10 2 15 44 55 84 91 117
	120
K. Traveling at steady speed	168 115 72 37 82 186 59 22
L. A character created by Ernest W. Hornung	178 101 176 103 73 85 173
M. An agitator	23 21 192 203 41 143 167 89 181 60
N. An island on the Atlantic side of Florida	185 25 123 131 51 74 102

O. Delineates	12 24 200 170 182 92
P. A river in both East and West Germany	198 128 202
Q. One who writes prose narratives	1 146 42 63 53 75 27 127
R. Excavating	110 43 77 188 28 86 96
S. A former amendment to the Constitution	78 11 32 97 116 54 130 139 149 9
	165
T. The murder of a wife	6 133 56 205 196 163 95 154 29
U. The goddess of divine retribution	38 111 4 129 183 194 191
V. A tooth	64 166 5 30 142
W. Many base runners are out attempting this	71 45 132 104 52 190 197 118
X. A President of the United States	100 33 119 157 162 105
Y. These creatures suckle their young	109 134 172 180 3 199 150
Z. An approximation	113 151 87 46 17 201 66 174
* A town in Minnesota, south of the Twin Cities	159 144 193 8 83 177 171 204 137 148
# This is used by hitchhikers	31 140 184 135 34

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

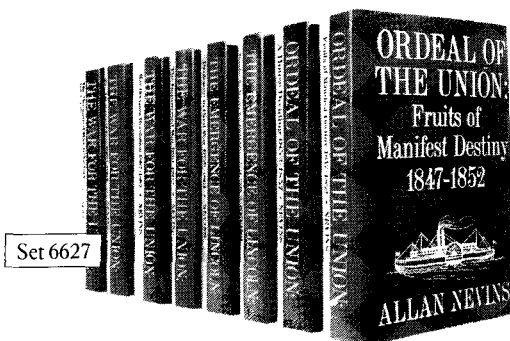
See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 Q	2 J		3 Y	4 U	5 V	6 T	7 J	8 *		9 S	10 J		11 S	12 O	13 D	14 G	15 J	16 A
	17 Z	18 H	19 A	20 D	21 M	22 K		23 M	24 O		25 N	26 B	27 Q	28 R	29 T	30 V		31 #
32 S		33 X	34 #	35 B	36 E	37 K	38 U		39 I	40 C	41 M	42 Q	43 R	44 J	45 W	46 Z	47 D	48 F
49 G		50 I	51 N	52 W	53 Q		54 S	55 J		56 T	57 D		58 I	59 K	60 M		61 G	62 H
63 Q		64 V	65 H		66 Z	67 I	68 B		69 G	70 H	71 W	72 K	73 L	74 N	75 Q	76 I	77 R	
78 S	79 E	80 G	81 H	82 K	83 *	84 J	85 L	86 R	87 Z	88 B		89 M	90 C	91 J		92 O	93 I	
94 D	95 T	96 R	97 S	98 C		99 E	100 X	101 L	102 N		103 L	104 W	105 X		106 D	107 G	108 H	109 Y
	110 R	111 U	112 D	113 Z	114 H	115 K	116 S	117 J	118 W		119 X	120 J	121 B	122 C	123 N	124 E		125 C
126 F		127 Q	128 P	129 U	130 S	131 N		132 W	133 T	134 Y	135 #	136 F	137 *	138 E		139 S	140 #	141 G
142 V		143 M	144 *		145 H	146 Q	147 E		148 *	149 S	150 Y	151 Z	152 H	153 A	154 T	155 J		156 F
157 X	158 G	159 *		160 E	161 C	162 X		163 T	164 G	165 S	166 V	167 M	168 K	169 F		170 O	171 *	172 Y
173 L	174 Z	175 F	176 L		177 *	178 L	179 C	180 Y		181 M	182 O	183 U	184 #	185 N	186 K	187 B	188 R	
189 C	190 W	191 U		192 M	193 *	194 U	195 A	196 T	197 W	198 P	199 Y		200 O	201 Z	202 P	203 M	204 *	205 T

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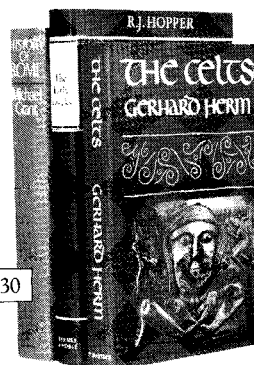
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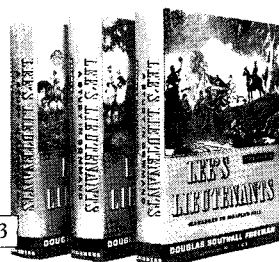
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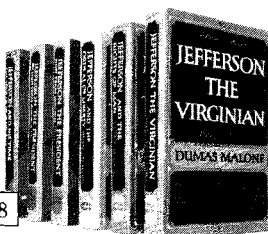
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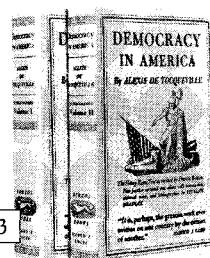
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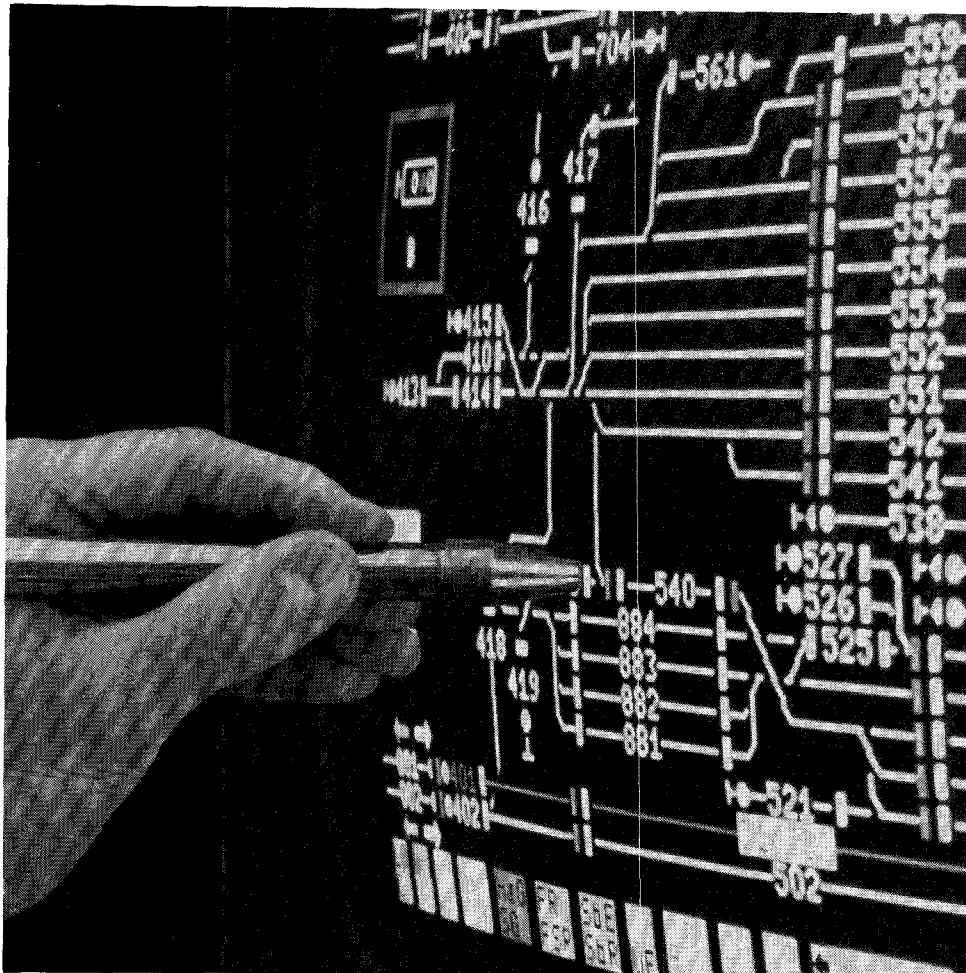
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